

GROUP B AIDED LINCOLN ESCAPE.

Confessed German Spy is Said to be in New York.

Thinks British Government Would Execute Him.

Wants Pledge of Immunity from United States.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE
NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Federal secret service agents received information today which convinced them that Ignatius T. Lincoln, confessed German spy and former member of the British House of Commons, was aided in his escape from a United States deputy marshal last Saturday by "Group B," a powerful organization of European political refugees. The government agents also were satisfied that Lincoln has never left New York City and that his boast that he has walked the streets of Manhattan since his escape is not an empty one.

Following two bountiful communications to a morning newspaper, defining the government's stand, Lincoln sent a letter today to Super. William H. Offay, head of the local bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice. In his letter he offered to surrender if he was promised immunity.

WANTED A PLEDGE.

This was taken to mean that he wanted a pledge from the United States government that he would not be turned over to British authorities. Before his escape, an order was issued for his extradition as a fugitive, but Lincoln has always insisted that the English government intended to shoot him as a spy.

Group B, the organization which the Federal agents said arranged Lincoln's escape and is now harboring him, is a body that was formed in this country in 1872. It is said to include in its membership several well-known European political exiles.

Group B came prominently in public notice some years ago when it went to the aid of James F. Byrnes, a British political exile, whose execution was demanded by the Russian government on the ground that he was a murderer. Byrnes had attempted to start a revolution in the Baltic provinces of Russia. Theodore Roosevelt was then President and Group B succeeded in obtaining an order from him for Byrnes's release.

HAD VISITED LINCOLN.

Secret service men said today that they had learned that several members of Group B had visited Lincoln when he was held in Raymond-street jail in Brooklyn. It also was recalled that the fugitive was in the company of the group at the time of his arrest.

Stories that Lincoln had been associated with Paul Koenig, chief detective for the Hamburg-American line, and others who have been indicted for their alleged participation in German conspiracies in this country, were denied today by secret service officials.

RUSSIANS OCCUPY TOWN OF SULTANABAD.

INTERESTED.

BY A. P. DAY WIRE
TEHERAN (Persia) Jan. 21 (via London).—Russian columns operating in Persia have pushed to and occupied the town of Sultanabad, 150 miles southwest of Teheran and about an equal distance northwest of Isfahan. The garrison and the German Consul have fled to Kermanshah, fifty miles west of Sultanabad.

INTERESTED.

MARTINOVICH TO COMMAND THE ARMY OF MONTENEGRO.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.

LONDON, Jan. 21.—The King of Montenegro, says a dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company from Rome, has intrusted complete command of his army to Gen. Martinovich.

The report in London has general that it was Gen. Martinovich who headed the army in a revolt against the King's attempt to arrange a peace with Austria.

FIGHT TO BITTER END.

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PARIS, Jan. 20.—The Montenegrin Consul in Paris makes the official announcement that all negotiations between Montenegro and Austria have been broken off and that Montenegrin has decided to fight to the bitter end.

The official announcement from the Consulate says:

"Lasare Mouskovic, the Prime Minister, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Montenegro are at Brindisi last night, accompanying the Queen Milena and the princesses on

RELEASED.

CENTRAL POWER CONSULS ARE FREED BY ENTENTE.

BY A. P. DAY WIRE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Through the good offices of the United States the German, Austrian, Turkish and Bulgarian consuls at Saloniki who have been held under arrest by the allies on board a French warship in the harbor, are to be released.

Gen. Einstein, head of the American Legation at Sofia, has been instructed by cable to surrender, if Bulgaria insists upon it, the British Vice-Counsel there who took refuge in his quarters when Bulgaria ordered the arrest of enemy consular officers in retaliation for the seizure of the consuls at Saloniki.

It became known late today after the announcement that the Entente allies had agreed to release the consuls that the action was taken some days ago and that Great Britain had been notified.

The Vice-Counsel fled to the rooms of the American charge and claimed asylum upon hearing of the arrest of his French colleague. He was re-

SOLDIER STUDENTS ASK MODERN ARMS.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The Executive Committee of the Association of Military Schools and Colleges asked the House Military Committee today to give the forty-two private institutions in the association better facilities for training their 16,000 students to become reserve officers.

Col. S. C. Jones of the New York association said that 1,000 students graduated from the schools last year, all of whom had been trained along lines laid down at West Point and were fitted to become second lieutenants of volunteers. He asked that the government procure modern rifles and equipment to replace the obsolete weapons now loaned and also tents and equipment for field training.

SWISS TO SELL NEW WAR BONDS.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.
BERNE, Jan. 19 (via Paris).—The Swiss government is preparing to issue a fourth loan of 100,000,000 francs. It will offer for subscriptions bonds bearing 4% per cent interest. The proceeds will be used to cover the cost of continued mobilization of the army.

HOTEL METROPOLE IS COMMANDERED.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.
LONDON, Jan. 22.—A flurry of excitement in the hotel district was caused today by the announcement that the spacious Hotel Metropole in Northumberland avenue, which is well known to many Americans, has been commandeered by the Ministry of Munitions for administrative offices.

BELGIANS FIGURE UP THEIR LOSSES.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.
PARIS, Jan. 20.—A dispatch from Brussels says that a report just issued by the Belgian government giving the number of houses in the various provinces of Belgium which the report says were burned by the Germans.

The following figures are given: Brabant, 6221; Liege, 2702; Antwerp, 1899; Malines, 1748; Dinant, 2222; Namur, 1710; Philippeville, 1361; Huy, 265; Verviers, 551; Charleroi, 18; Turnhout, 40; total, 18,207. The figures for Flanders are not yet obtainable.

GERMANS CAPTURE THREE MILLION MEN.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—An Amsterdam dispatch to the Central News says that the total booty of the Teutons allied during seventeen months of war is summed up in Vienna as follows:

Nearly 5,000,000 prisoners; 10,000 guns and 40,000 machine guns, while 176,000 square kilometers of enemy territory have been occupied.

ENGLISH WOMEN TO MAKE BULLETS.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—The urgent necessity of speeding up the supply of munitions has determined the government to put into force immediately the scheme for the dilution of skilled labor with semi-skilled, unskilled and female workers in all controlled establishments.

In a statement on the subject in the House of Commons, Premier Asquith announced that the government was convinced that this plan offered the only prospect of securing a sufficient supply of munitions to enable the way to be brought to a speedy and successful conclusion.

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VICTORY
FOR MRS. MOHR.

ain Refuses to Admit
of Negroes.

er Woman Tells of
viewing Defendants.

Describe Attitude of
Toward Husband.

likely to Discuss the
European Situation.

AT A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WILSON AT SEA
WRITING SPEECH.

Ready for Trip to Push
His Defense Plans.

Gives in Middle West to
the President.

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Wholesale.

LYNCH FIVE NEGROES.

Bodies of Quintette Found Hanging
from One Limb of a Tree on Out-
skirts of Starkville, Ga., and
Party which Visited Jail
is Suspected.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)
ALBANY (Ga.) Jan. 21.—Five ne-
groes, taken from the Worth County
Jail at Sylvester, were hanged to one
limb of a tree on the outskirts of
Starkville some time during the night.
The bodies, containing many bullet
holes, were cold when found this
morning.

Two of the victims were of one
family—Felix Lakes and three sons.
Sheriff Moreland was killed at the
Lake home when he went there to
arrest a negro.

It is estimated that there were
thirty to forty men in the lynching
party, who were armed in automobiles.
Telephone wires cut and dynamite
were cut before the raid on the jail.

Six negroes were taken from the
prison. The bodies of five were
found. What became of the other is
not yet known.

Before the bodies were cut down
later in the morning they were
viewed by many persons from sur-
rounding sections. Some reports say
hundreds were attracted to the scene.
The show duration of the lynch brought
in a verdict of "death by strangulation
and gunshot wounds at the hands
of unknown parties."

SHERIFF WAS DECEIVED.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)
SYLVESTER (Ga.) Jan. 21.—Only
three of the men who took five ne-
groes from the jail here and lynched
them were seen by Sheriff A. L. Moreland.

"The men brought a bound negro
to the door," the Sheriff said, "and
said they wanted to keep him in jail
over night. They pointed a pistol at
me, took away my keys and forced me
into the basement. They guarded me
and the other went into the jail. I
was a little while I heard a shrill whistle.
My captors suddenly left me, and in
a minute or two I heard several auto-
mobiles going rapidly northward."

SEVERAL SHIP YARDS
TO RUN FULL TIME.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
BATH (Me.) Jan. 21.—The local
ship yards of Arthur Sewall & Co.
which have been idle for ten years,
have been leased to the Texas Com-
pany for a term of five years. It was
announced today by William D. Sewall,
principal owner of the company.
The two tank steamers will be
built as soon as material can be
procured.

SEARCH, SEAS FOR WOMAN.

Locomobile TRUCKS

vary in capacity from three to six tons.

Write today for illustrated catalog, or better still, call and go over the truck in detail.

Immediate Deliveries.

The Locomobile Co. of America

J. Murray Page, Resident Manager.

Pico at Figueroa.

\$14.50 BUYS THIS

\$50 WARNER SPEEDOMETER

In exchange for your old instrument. This offer good for just three days—

SATURDAY, MONDAY AND TUESDAY.
Offer to get this fine new Warner than to spend money for a new one. You can't afford to pay the extra cost of the change you take of being pinched because "your speedometer won't work right." Note carefully the address—then drive right in.

California Sales Co.

115 EAST 10TH ST.

Stewart-Warner Service Station
Phone 5671—Merry 5647

Mail Orders

Send make of car, size of wheel and money order—Uncle Sam and we do the rest.



MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC — Beardsley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th. Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 788.

BUICK — HOWARD AUTO CO. 1323 So. Flower St. Home 60009. Main 9040.

FRANKLIN and SCRIPPS-BOOTH. Rauch & Lang and BAKER ELECTRICALS. R. C. HAMILIN, 1040 South Flower. Phones: 60249, Main 7877.

CHALMERS — HUPMOBILE — Green-Robins Co., Twelfth and Flower Streets. Broadway 5410; A1187.

CHANDLER — Chandler Motor Car Co. of Cal. 1144 So. Hope St. Main 3459. F5047.

Times DIRECTORY of Automobiles

Motor touring model \$685 fully equipped P.O.B. Los Angeles. Now on exhibition. Standard equipment throughout. **Metz** \$685. **Mets Company** 125 W. 7th. Home 22482. **Stearns** \$685.

Moon Lynn C. Buxton, Pico at Olive. Main 577-F6851. **Saxon** Saxon Six Touring Car, T. O. H. Factory \$785. **Saxon Motor Sales Co.** 1240 South Olive Street. **Simplex** Exclusive High Grade Automobiles. **Mercer** A8507. 1207 South Olive Street. Main 7888.

Times DIRECTORY of Motor Trucks

MORE & DENBY TRUCKS Gas and Distillate Trucks Manufactured by Pacific Metal Products Company. Gasoline, Diesel, Kerosene, Gas, Oil and Water. Tires, Tires, Tires. Service Station, 1225-1230 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

MORELAND THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL DISTILLATE TRUCK EVER PRODUCED. MORELAND MOTOR TRUCK CO.

Cross-Country Run; More Games for Coast League

MORE GAMES IN COAST LEAGUE

Majority of Directors Favor Momentous Change.

Want Bees and Beavers to Play in Double-headers.

Plan to Take Vote Through Medium of Mails.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

In all probability there will be thirty more games in the Coast League this year than formerly.

This will be brought about by compelling Portland and Salt Lake to play seven games each per week on their home grounds, instead of only six as heretofore.

This is the sentiment of a majority of the league directors was declared yesterday by President Berry of the Seals and President Powers of the Angels.

There has been no general protest against the \$4500 regulation, as the fans care nothing about limits as long as they are given high-class ball. Several of the club owners, however, seem to be of the opinion that a pay roll of \$5000 a month would be the ideal figure in this league. It would be about equal to a \$6500 limit in war times.

The deal by which Chance becomes approximately one-third owner of the Los Angeles club was completed yesterday when the papers were signed in the deal transferring to him 750 shares of stock. He purchased \$25 of them from T. J. Darmody and \$25 from D. C. Davis, who is still a stockholder, retaining the shares which he has owned since originally investing in the club several years ago. Powers, while owning a controlling interest, has practically turned the affairs of the club over to Chance. He maintains that the manager should have absolute a free hand.

As there is opposition to Sunday morning games, both in Portland and Salt Lake, the added games would be played in the form of double-headers, probably on Saturday afternoon. However, the day on which the two big attractions are to be staged will be up to the club owners in those cities.

NECESSARY.

Only by compelling every club in the league to play the same number of games can it be made a bona fide pennant race.

Heretofore, Salt Lake and Portland, by virtue of playing a less number of games, have enjoyed a distinct advantage. This gave each of them fifteen fewer games than the other four clubs.

The percentage is ascertained by dividing total number of games played into the number won. Thus, with the Bay Cities playing 120 games and after games less than the other clubs, each victory which they won counted for more points. Under that arrangement it was possible for either of them to win fewer games than some rival club and still cop the pennant.

Frank Chance, after having been storm bound for the better part of a week, rode a trolley car from Glendale yesterday and was on the job at Wadsworth Park. A bit of Frank's orange grove was hit by the flood. He opines that it will take close to 2000 wagon loads of dirt to replace the soil which was washed away. What with making these repairs and lining up the first four new pitchers for the Angels he will be about the busiest rancher in the world for the next couple of weeks.

The two other players are Joe Gedeon, who signed with the Newark Federals after the close of the last season, and Herman (Germany) Schaefer included in Deal—Gedeon was with Salt Lake last season.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

NEW YORK. Jan. 21.—The New York American League club obtained three more Federal League players by purchase today. The star of the trio is Nick Cullop, formerly the leading pitcher of the Kansas City club, who ranked fourth in the Federal League twirling averages at the end of the 1915 season.

The two other players are Joe Gedeon, who signed with the Newark Federals after the close of the last season, and Herman (Germany) Schaefer.

Gedeon, a hard-hitting second baseman, played with the Salt Lake City team last summer, having a batting average of .317 and a fielding average of .932.

The club also released three players. Pitchers Brown and Ring going to the Louisville club, and Outfielder Daley to the Vernon club of the Pacific Coast League.

CARDS WILL VOTE THE PEACE PACT.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

STANFORD, UNIVERSITY. Jan. 21.—A vote by the Stanford University student body upon the proposed athletic peace agreement with the University of California will be taken February 1, it was announced today.

The meeting was set for that date upon the request of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, who is to be inducted as president of the university tomorrow. Dr. Wilbur said he would present at that time some solution of the problem caused by the tightening of the rule against paid coaches.

Red Feather Complexion Powder comes in three shades—white, flesh and brunette.

The Remiller Company

Perfumers

New York

REDFEATHER

COMPLEXION POWDER

will keep your complexion fresh and attractive during an entire evening.

Not only does it blend perfectly with the rouge, but it gives a smoothness and a softness of tint that make the complexion look its very best by artificial light.

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THE Remiller Company

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at all Owl Drug Stores

50 cents per box.

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Not only does it blend perfectly with the rouge, but it gives a smoothness and a softness of tint that make the complexion look its very best by artificial light.

Red Feather Complexion Powder comes in three shades—white, flesh and brunettes.

THE Remiller Company

Perfumers

New York

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league.

in Your Marine

COLLEGE MEN

TROT TODAY

died Ones to Cover
enous Course.have been Training
site of Weather.ice Meeting is on at
Same Time.

HOWARD ANGUS

Identical cross-country race
is run this morning. The
barring accidents on the
first intercollegiate racewill be run this afternoon
beginning Pomona College
and this to be a conference
try, but Occidental will
school to accept. Whenget enough men out to
hold grimly on to the
until the foods are
overboard.n't very well enter a
then we are only all
overboard, when they throw
in Birmingham.

JUST THE SAME.

Identical cross-country
dual affair has not
been between Occidental
and the poor soldiers who die
in the war."It is the poor people who make
us ashamed of myself," said Mr.
Straus. "They are the ones who are
5 per cent of their incomes,
and others are 10 per
cent more than as much as they should,
ever since the world existed was
so much suffering. It is inde-
pendent. When the great struggle
will be even worse. The
of the poor soldiers who die
in the war.furnishing a sort of a
something an
with that of the families they
in sorrow and destitution.Left New York to get away from
our talk, because I am so dis-
posed with the people who refuse
our duty."

SILK CLOSES HARBOR.

course will probably
a few weeks in
floods have caused
Clarendon and the
will be everything
to open through
the uprooted trees and
craw over.Pomona team is composed
D. Sturges, W. Moore,
Gerry and Orcutt. The
team is W. Lamm, F. F.
Fryard, D. Middle-
D. Eldred. Five of
will have to finish on each
score to count.

CONFERENCE, TOO.

before the cross-country
meeting, at which the
game with outside
will be discussed. It is
the Occidental and
like the number increase
they could meet more
team, as long as the
of the F.C.C. Both
have a game with Cal
is figuring on play-oma will probably buck
against that position
much opposed to outside
it has been circulated
not mind seeing
abolished entirely.

HANNAH LINNARD DIES.

Hannah M. Linnard, mother
of E. M. Linnard, manager of the
Huntington and Huntington hotels, died
at the Maryland, where she
had been staying.She was stricken with paralytic
stroke and there was never
like the number increase
they could meet more
team, as long as the
of the F.C.C. Both
have a game with Cal
is figuring on play-

HAROLD DANSEN.

The city spent \$20,000 in dredging
the silt left by the flood of two
years ago and the amount of
damage this year will at least approximateWALTERS DIVIDES FACILITIES
FOR CASTING ITS BALLOTS.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIERRA MADRE, Jan. 21.—Owing
to the increased voting population
three election precincts have been
mapped out and officially announced
for all future elections by the County
Board of Supervisors. Precinct No. 1
embraces all territory north of High-
land avenue and west of Baldwin
blvd.; Precinct No. 2 covers all
sections south of Highland avenue and
west of Baldwin, and Precinct No. 3
takes in everything east of Baldwin
blvd., including Carter's Camp
and other resorts within these boundaries.

LEGAL TANGLE.

The condemnation proceedings now
pending in the Superior Court to ac-
quire land for sidewalk purposes on
Central boulevard and Lima street
began yesterday with a hearing by
somebody's error not examining the
county records. It appears that con-
siderable of this land was deeded to
the city for this purpose some time ago.The City Trustees included this
land in their ordinance calling for the
condemnation of the same and created
an assessment district to be
taxed for the purpose of acquiring it.Now that it is found to have been
owned by the city for some years back
and that the city has no title to it, the
whole proceeding must be re-opened.

STREET SAVED.

During the recent storm Adams
street started to disappear and rapidly
sink into oblivion, as it had several
years ago during a heavy storm.Street Superintendent Udell and Mar-
shall, who spoke before the Chamber
of Commerce today, said that the
work was being done to save the street.The Mayor also has a proposition
from the Salt Lake to remove its
tracks from California and Alamo-
vista and Ocean avenue to the low-
level bridge. Work will be done to
this greatly-desired improvement
in the gaining of the consent of the
business interests to this plan.The railroad officials feel that
their plan should be fully considered.

INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT.

Railroads operating in Long Beach
are willing to move their freight
houses and yards to the harbor in-
dustrial district and establish a joint
freight terminal under certain conditions,
according to Mayor Lisenby,
who spoke before the Chamber of
Commerce today.The Mayor also has a proposition
from the Salt Lake to remove its
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CITY BRIEFS.

Deaths of Forest Rangers Joy and
his wife, who are marooned in the
mountains, are alarm for their safety.
They have not been heard from
since the day and the San Gabriel
is so high and ugly now as it
has been for many years.A benefit for the relief of relief
T.M.C.A. lightweights will be given
to the Earl of Leinster, and
the late Lord Brown, who
pointed out that last year she found
the jewels of the Maharajahin the bandit's
score of 23 to 12.

was again the star.

LIGHTWEIGHTS.

C.A. TEAMS
ARE CONQUERED.There were three basketball
on the Y.M.C.A. court
in the big game of
the Y.M.C.A. team
the U.S.C. five
of 44 to 16. At no
ranks a ghost of a show
a benefit for the relief of relief
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Religious.

INTERCHANGE OF CHURCH LEADERS

Pastors and Choirs go to New Places for a Day.

Congregationalists Planning a Midwinter Fellowship.

General News of the Local Religious Field.

Pastor and choir of the First Congregational Church of this city go in a body tomorrow to Pasadena to take charge of the services in the First Presbyterian Church, while the pastor and choir of that church come to the Congregational Church here. This is one of a series of exchanges that have been taking place among leading pastors recently, and which shows the spirit of comity prevailing hereabouts.

This exchange of pulpits and singers will take place tomorrow evening. Dr. Robert Freeman will speak here on "When a Man Marries His Troubles Begin." It sounds like a note of warning and doubtless bachelors of uncertain mind will flock to him for advice. Please let us know to say about it before they listen seriously to the coy proposals of feminine wooers.

Dr. Freeman and Dr. Day, who are warm personal friends, planned to exchange pulpits and organists but the weather interfered with the arrangements, so the date was moved forward. Dr. Freeman will be accompanied by his quartette of singers—every one of whom is well known in the city. Dr. Day, who will be Miss Willis N. Tiffany, whose sweet voice has often been heard in recitals before women's clubs, both before and since her return from a year's study in Berlin; Miss Julie Kiehle, Christian Harry Williams and Jackson Gregg, who are the quartette members in Dr. Day's church. Dr. Day will take with him his quartette and vested choir to render the music at the Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Tomorrow morning Dr. Day will preach on "The Optimism of the Optimist."

A midwinter fellowship Sunday shall be a red-letter day in the annals of the First Congregational Church, as planned by Dr. William Horace Day. January 20 is the date when all young Bible school scholars and church members from the tots to the cradle roll to the gray-haired deacon, is expected to be in his or her place. Dr. Robert Meredith of Pasadena will deliver a fellowship Bible lecture at 10 o'clock, preceding the services. Dr. Day will speak on "The Optimism of the Optimist." In the evening there will be a midwinter musical service when the quartette, assisted by the vested choir, will present programmes of unusual attractiveness and there will be special speakers.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT. UNION RESCUE MISSION.

Fred L. Benton, who for several years has been superintendent of the Union Rescue Mission, No. 145 North Main street, has received this position to become general evangelist for the mission. He will present its work in the churches of the city and throughout Southern California, in a campaign to begin the first of February.

The new superintendent of the mission is Mr. Edridge, who has been engaged in mission work for the past seven years, and for the last four years has been in charge of the branch mission at No. 466 East Fifth street.

To-night there will be a farewell to Mr. Benton and a praise and testimony service by the converts. A public welcome to the new superintendent will be given at the mission on Sunday, January 20.

Tomorrow afternoon at 2:15 o'clock Mrs. M. Harron will speak before the Union Bible class on "The Conditions of Unanswerable Prayer." In the evening the subject of "Uncle Ben" Pearson will be, "Hell and Damnation."

WARNER TO SPEAK. IN CUMBERLAND CHURCH.

Adam Dixon Warner is to give a sermon tomorrow evening in the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Fifty-seventh and Hoover streets, on "Death and Life Everlasting." He will be assisted in the service by the Fishermen's Club of the First Institute. Mr. Warner has been giving a series of evangelistic addresses in various churches of the city and vicinity, in connection with the work of the Fishermen's Club.

CONVERTS TO SPEAK. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH.

Dr. Charles Edward Locke will preach in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Hill streets, tomorrow morning on the subject of "Christ Weeping Over the City." During this service he will be assisted by the Rev. Charles G. Seaman and by Rev. C. E. Sweet, Dr. W. Pack and J. E. Carr.

In the evening Dr. Locke will continue the answers to some of the questions of a week ago. Among these will be: How shall we be amused? Shall we go to the movies? Who Christ goes? Shall they be condemned? Shall we have them in the church? Are the actors good people? Is the Episcopal Church tending toward Romanism? Shall the United States interfere in Mexico?

The large vested choir, under direction of Prof. Carl Bronson, will give special music at both services.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM. HEALTH MOVEMENT.

"Right Thinking and Right Living" will be the subject for tomorrow evening at the Trinity Auditorium. Addresses will be made by Dr. Charles G. Seaman, Dr. J. C. Elliott, who has been conducting the Trinity Chautauqua health campaign, which is to continue another week, and Dr. Charles Wesley Bryson of this city. A permanent Trinity health club is to be organized.

Mr. Seaman will preach at the morning service on "Open Windows and Open Doors," and the Woman's Missionary Society will attend in a body.

"Barabbas," Marie Corell's great Bible story, will be artistically interpreted at 2:15 p.m. by Dr. William Morton Rasmus, who was well known on the Pacific Coast. This will be their second appearance in Trinity's Sunday afternoon concerts, having presented "The Sign of the Cross" last night. Mr. Rasmus is a dramatist and preacher combined. Mrs. Rasmus, the leading actress of Judith Icarot, Justitia and Mary Magdalene, proves herself a fine portrayer of character. A silver offering will be received at the door.

Rev. Chester Ferris will speak in the Park Congregational Church

St. Paul's Sunday Afternoon Church, a Trinity idea, Eighteenth and Union, at 3 o'clock. Dr. J. Burtscher will deliver an address to young men at 10 a.m., this morning, on "Working Bees for Better or Worse."

DEAN MCORMACK.

ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL. The subject of Dean MacCormack's sermon to be given in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Olive street, opposite Central Park, tomorrow morning, has been suggested by the current events of the day. He will speak on "Our Duties, National and International." Tomorrow night he will discuss "The Poor Man's Market." The evening service is always preceded by a half hour organ recital. Ernest, a young violinist, and the programme will be selected from compositions of Rimbomber arranged for organ and violin.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN. The ensuing week is one of importance for the Swedish Lutherans of Los Angeles. Dr. E. B. Johnson, who has recently come to Los Angeles from a large parish in Chicago, is to be formally installed as pastor of the Angelic Evangelical Lutheran Church (Swedish) on Wednesday evening. The installation will be conducted by Dr. E. B. Johnson, president of the District conference. Other pastors of the conference will be present hereabouts.

The district conference will convene at this church at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, when an address will be delivered on "Our Spiritual Life." In the evening the Holy Communion will be observed, with a sermon by Rev. C. A. Hemborg of Riverside.

Rev. T. S. Johnson will preach in this church, Seventeenth and Hope streets, tomorrow morning on "Humility and Faith" and in the evening on "Taking Thought for Things Honorable."

CHINA THIS MORNING.

DR. EUBANK TO SPEAK. Dr. M. D. Eubank, the Baptist missionary who has come from Hutchison, to be the subject of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, to assist in the great Laymen's Missionary Movement convention to be held in this city next month, will speak in the Temple Baptist Church, Temple Auditorium, tomorrow morning. Dr. Eubank has had sixteen years of experience in China, and will tell of his missionary experiences as a missionary physician.

The musical features of this service will be unusually fine. The great choir will sing an anthem, the Temple quartette will sing "Hallelujah," "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and Mrs. Robert A. Smith and her quartette will sing "Divine Desires." Margaret McKee will whistle two numbers.

At night the Tuskegee Singers, a group of teachers and students from the famous Tuskegee Institute, will occupy the entire evening with plantation songs, negro spirituals, etc. Winter Wood, one of them, number will give readings from the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet. The vested choir will sing an anthem, and Ray Hastings, the organist, will play a special programme including "Faith," "I'm Tired," "La Traviata," "Mignon," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Carmen."

SERMON TOPICS.

MUSIC BY LARGE CHOIR. Dr. R. A. Torrey, pastor of the Church of the Open Door, Bible Institute Auditorium, Sixth and Hope streets, will preach tomorrow morning on "Condition of Success in Soul Winning," and in the evening on "Refuges of Lies." Every stranger in the city should avail himself of this opportunity to hear the world-famous preacher. There are 4000 free seats.

The music tomorrow will be especially attractive. Prof. Peckham will direct a magnificent choir of 100 voices, which has made special preparation for the night service. There will also be solo duets, duets and quartets by Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Baldwin and Mr. Peckham.

At 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, the platform in the great auditorium will be occupied by a brilliant young Chinese girl, Fung Hin Liu, who will speak interestingly of her people.

FOR HONEST DOUBTER.

SPECIAL SERIES OF SERMONS. At the Immanuel Presbyterian Church tomorrow Rev. Otto G. Dale will give a special sermon on the earned sinner and the honest doubter, "Enter His Gates." Dr. W. H. Peckham will be the Rev. C. E. Sweet, Dr. W. Pack and J. E. Carr.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock Rev. George M. Harron will speak before the Union Bible class on "The Conditions of Unanswerable Prayer." In the evening the subject of "Uncle Ben" Pearson will be, "Hell and Damnation."

IN CUMBERLAND CHURCH.

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Rev. Chester Ferris will speak in the First Presbyterian Church to

Bellevue and Douglas streets, tomorrow morning on "The Unpopularity of Jesus in His Home Town." In the evening there will be an illustrated lecture, "Among the Islands of the Pacific."

"The Relationships of the Christian" will be the subject of Rev. R. W. Abberley in the Magnolia Avenue Christian Church, Twenty-fifth street and Magnolia, avenue, tomorrow morning. The evening sermon will be by Rev. W. H. Bunting.

Rev. J. B. McElroy will preach in the East Side Christian Church, Workman street and North Broadway, in an evangelistic campaign.

"Why is Germany" will be the subject of Reynold E. Blight at the Church of the People, Blanchard Hall, tomorrow morning. In a prelude he will discuss "The Absurdity of Moving Picture Censorship."

Rev. J. M. Coyle will preach in the Pico Heights Congregational Church tomorrow morning on "Higher Ideals" and in the evening on "Preparedness."

Rev. Clyde Shepard will preach tomorrow morning in the Mt. Holly.

"Will Jesus Live up to the Preacher's Promises?" In the evening Mr. Shepard will give a dramatic reading, "The Ninety and Nine."

"Richard Harding Davis."

"Things We Can and Things We Cannot Know" will be the sermon subject of Rev. Daniel T. Thomas tomorrow morning in the Garvanza Congregational Church. His evening sermon will be on "The Great Key to Power."

Rev. Bruce V. Black will speak in the Wilshire Baptist Church, Temple and Oxford streets, tomorrow morning on "Transformation Through Influence," and in the evening on "The Joyful Life."

"Making the Most of One's Opportunities" will be the subject of an address by Mrs. Anna Doyce, vice-principal of the city schools, at the 4 o'clock vesper service tomorrow afternoon.

Rev. E. B. Brown, State evangelist of the Christian Church, will conduct revival services both morning and evening tomorrow in the Pico Heights Christian Church, No. 1220 Berendo street.

Dr. Frank W. Otto will preach in the Arlington Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, West Washington street and Fifth avenue, tomorrow morning on "Seen and Unseen," and in the evening on "The Word of Power."

"Liberation" will speak in the Sinai Synagogue, Twenty-first and Valencia streets, at 8:30 o'clock this Saturday morning on "Men of Valor." The musical portions of the service will be rendered by the Synagogue Chorus.

"The Great Element in American Life" will be the subject of Rev. E. Stanton Hodges' sermon in the First Unitarian Church tomorrow morning. Mrs. Sterrett will speak to the Social Service Class at 10 o'clock on "The Literacy Campaign."

Rev. Mrs. Brown, State evangelist of the Christian Church, will speak tomorrow morning in the Wilshire Boulevard Christian Church, 225 North Broadway.

Rev. Herbert F. Fisher, M. M.

"The Redemption of Mankind."

Rev. Herbert F. Fisher, M. M.

"The Healing of the Leper."

In the evening the sermon in English will be on "The First Commandment."

Rev. M. H. Tietjen, pastor of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, No. 146 North Griffin avenue, will preach tomorrow morning on "The Mighty Deliverer of Israel;" in the evening, on "The Creator and Preserver of All Things."

Tomorrow morning in the German Lutheran Church, No. 1510 East Forty-sixth street, Rev. J. W. Theis will preach on "The Living Water."

"The Vanishing of Uncle Almo."

Rev. James P. McKnight will preach in the Wilshire Boulevard Christian Church tomorrow morning on "The Believer's Pattern," and in the evening on "The Quest of the Soul."

"Religion and Patriotism" will be the subject of the morning sermon on "The Water of Life."

"The Love of Jesus."

Rev. the Boys' Hosts, St. John's German Lutheran Church, Rev. H. E. Baker, will preach tomorrow morning on "Higher Ideals" and in the evening on "Preparedness."

Rev. Clyde Shepard will preach tomorrow morning in the Mt. Holly.

"Will Jesus Live up to the Preacher's Promises?" In the evening Mr. Shepard will preach tomorrow morning on "The Water of Life."

"The Love of Jesus."

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"The First

THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Manual Arts High.

Commencement exercises for the senior class of Manual Arts High School will be held at 8 a.m. on Saturday, 2, in the auditorium. Sixty-six girls and forty boys will receive diplomas.

Address to Women.

Mrs. Susan Dorsey, assistant superintendent of the public schools, will speak to young women on Sunday at 11:30 o'clock in the Y.W.C.A. on the subject, "Are You Making the Most of Your Opportunities?" A social hour will follow.

Dinner for Miners.

The Southern California section of the American Institute of Mining Engineers will meet on February 1 at 8:30 o'clock in the Hotel Madrona, where dinner will be served and papers on subjects of their profession read. Ralph Arnold, William F. Staunton, Robert B. Moran and W. R. Hamilton will have papers on petroleum. Serbian Relief.

The Mayor, Col. John Sobieski, Dr. John Milton Scott, Councilwoman Lindsey and F. W. Jaeger, president of the Y.W.C.A. section for Serbian Women and Children, will be among the speakers at a benefit for the stricken of the Balkans tomorrow afternoon in Solomon's Pavilion. The affair will be under the auspices of the Los Angeles Brotherhood.

Talk to Children.

"If You Were Born in Japan" is the subject of a talk that will be given to children at the Public Library at 3 p.m. this afternoon by Katherine Hester Nettleship of the Museum of History, Science and Art. The costumes, dolls and toys of Japanese children will be shown. Children from the Grand-avenued, Hoy Street, California, and Belmont schools have been especially invited to attend.

Visits New York.

Bishop Bell, of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ spoke at the banquet of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association, held this week in the Hotel Astor in New York. The bishop delivered an address in the Auditorium in Herkhey, Pa., last Sunday. Dr. E. C. Egan, president of the Social Progress Council, with headquarters in this city, and chancellor of the Chautauqua of the Pacific, recently organized here.

New Head for Yellow Aster.

At a meeting of the directorate of the Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company held yesterday, E. D. Moers, second vice-president of the corporation, was elected first vice-president to succeed G. P. Faust, who has ceased to be connected with the concern in an official capacity. Mr. Moers is the son of the original locator of the Yellow Aster Mine and has had many years' experience in the mining business. Emergency Operation.

Mrs. Harry Ellis Dean, wife of former Chief Deputy District Attorney Dean, who has been seriously ill for some time, was recently taken to the Pacific Hospital for emergency operation, which was performed yesterday afternoon by Drs. Fish and Lewis. It was reported she rallied and conditions are favorable for recovery. Mrs. Dean is prominent in musical circles and a member of the Women's Lyric Club.

Graduation Exercises.

Commencement exercises of the winter class of 1913 of the Lincoln High School will be held the evening of February 2 at 8 o'clock in the school building. The students have made elaborate preparation for the event. It has been intimated that the class desires to remain on a democratic basis and the sending of flowers to some of the students will raise an undesirable distinction. Admission will be by ticket.

Engines to Meet.

The American Institute of Electrical Engineers will meet at the Chamber of Commerce building the 23rd Inst. All Los Angeles engineers and their friends are invited. The main subject will be "Open Air Generating Stations," with Ralph Bennett as the speaker. There will be an illustrated lecture by J. A. Swanson, hydroelectric engineer, at the University of Southern California on the same date at 1:15 o'clock p.m. and institute members are invited to hear it.

Pine Tree State Association.

The Pine Tree State Association will meet in the assembly hall, Times Building, First and Broadway, Tuesday evening, where there will be a "mock trial" of the "trial of the century" in which other prominent members will participate. Justice Frank G. Forbes presiding. Mr. Wadsworth Harris of Maine, formerly with Mine, Meade, and the Leslie Carter Company, will give readings and the Y.W.C.A. will have entertainment. All State of Maine people and friends are invited.

and the Worst is Yet to Come



"GYM" LUNCHEON.

Y.W.C.A. Will Give Last Entertainment of Class Term.

The Executive Board of the Young Women's Christian Association is planning a luncheon to be held here Saturday at 12:30 in the Blue Room of the association headquarters, to which 150 of the women taking morning classes in the gym have been invited as guests.

Speakers will be Miss Ella Shooly, general financial secretary of the association and Miss Julia Talton Lee, financial secretary of the national association. Mrs. Willis J. Hole, president of the association, will occupy the chair.

The luncheon will be the closing get-together social affair of the gym class this term, the new class will be organized beginning February 1.

Women who will be hostesses for the luncheon will be, besides Mrs. Hole, the vice-presidents, Madeline Willik, A. Roosevelt, D. K. Edwards, C. Coffin, S. M. Muller, John E. Coffin, T. F. Miller, the secretary, Mrs. Kita Vosburgh and Mrs. Gall Johnson; Mrs. W. F. Callander, treasurer, and Miss Alice Gaston, assistant treasurer.

Tuesday in the same room a luncheon will be given for about 100 of the leading young women of society circles.

BEATS WESTON.

Eureka Man Claims Record for Across-continent Walk.

Nearing the end of a round trip from San Francisco to New York, Robert Burns of Eureka came chipping to the city yesterday afternoon. He said he walked to the eastern metropolis in eighty days, thereby smashing the Weston record of 112 days.

Going East, Mr. Burns, who is 23 years old, followed the Lincoln Highway and returned by the Southern route. He negotiated a total of 7,385 miles and earned his way. When he left San Francisco on May 21, he had had 10 cents, and when he arrived here he had three times as much. He got most of his expenses through the sale of literature.

Mr. Burns wore the same pair of shoes throughout the trip, but had them half-soled six times. He prides highly a book containing the signatures of the Mayors of all the large cities he visited and he also has a note from Secretary Tumulty to the President.

PERSONALS

Among the guests at the Lankershim are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chase of Denver, who have been staying in the winter here. Mr. Chase is an old-time hotel man and was the owner of the Palace Casino in Denver during the early days. He has sold his interest in many cities, including the Inter-ocean Hotel at Shanghai, China.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Coates of Chicago, prominent in society and financial circles of the Middle West, are at the Alexandria en route to Coronado. Coates is extensively interested in Illinois, Michigan and is the owner of a lumber yard in Chicago. He formerly was active in politics.

W. J. Barker, vice-president and general manager of the Denver Gas and Electric Company, is staying at the Lankershim, accompanied by his wife and family. The tourists have been at Santa Barbara and are en route to Coronado.

Hon. S. W. Rosendale of Albany, N. Y., former Attorney-General of the state and present vice-president of the New York State Board of Charities and Mrs. Rosendale are at the Clark for the winter.

Touring the Pacific Coast States to escape the rigors of an eastern winter, N. J. Cary of Utica, Ill., president of the Clark Bank there, is staying at the Clark en route to San Diego.

V. W. R. Ridley of Washington, who is on a business trip at the Clark. Mr. Ridley is connected with the Federal Department of Agriculture.

Another guest at the Clark is C. S. Pickrell of El Paso, a confectioner, who is on a tour of the Coast with his wife.

William J. Gorham of San Francisco, manufacturer of fire apparatus is staying at the Hayward while looking after local business matters.

BUSINESS BREVITIES

(Advertising)

Weaver Roofing is a strong waterproof fabric that can be applied over old roofs of any kind. Expert report and estimate without charge. Weaver Roof Co., manufacturers roll roofing and shingles, 232½ 1st Street, Second Street, P. 2355, Broadway, 714.

For quick action drop answers to Times "Iners" in Times letter boxes in downtown office buildings. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times' "Inser" section.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring Street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

and the Worst is Yet to Come

LOS ANGELES LIMITED

PACIFIC LIMITED

OVERLAND EXPRESS

CHICAGO AND EAST

EVERY DAY

Through Salt Lake City

LOS ANGELES LIMITED

200 S. Spring

SATURDAY MORNING
Outspoken
STAND AGAINST
THE MEDDLE
Unionite Tinkering,
Builders' Exchange
Boycott and Picket
Won't be Tolerated

Principle Written Below
Governing Code

himself in the very code
to govern its future actions
and activities, and in particular
squarely against any tactic
strikes, boycotting, picketing,
marching and lockouts, the
methods of the Los Angeles Builders
Association last night adopted a
resolution and by-laws that
will be submitted to the
imagination as to what
which the principal
and allied professions
and observing henceforth
walking delegates and unions
generally.

Adoption of the new and
the reorganization of the
exchange has been
strengthened to carry
purposes. The new features
are governing the body and
in the main from the consti-

Theatre—Amusement

LUNE'S

AUDIT

Matinee Today

and All

La Scala Grand

TODAY AT 2:15. "LA

WITH REGGIANI AND

TONIGHT, "LUCIA" FEATURING

TOMORROW, SUNDAY AFTERNOON

GRAND OPERA

By Favorite Men

Special Concert

Monday Evening

IL TROVATORE

20th

TUESDAY EVENING,

LA TOSCA,

With Geno

Wednesday Evening,

LUCIA

With DIAZ, PAGLIUCCI

Thursday Matinee

CARMEN

With DIETRICH

EVERY DOUBLE BILL

LOWER FLOOR \$12 and \$11.

UPPER \$10 and \$9.

Orders Payable La Scala Company

NEXT SUNDAY

CLUNY'S CHAMBER OF HONOR

RESERVED SEATS

NOW SELLING

NE'S BROADWAY—

Thursday, Friday,

By Love R

THREE-ACT DRAMA WITH

THE WORLD'S GRE

HALLY'S

The

DAY and

SUNDAY

ONLY

Beloved

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W'S SUPERBA THEA

TODAY AND TOMORROW ONLY—

66 CAMI

PRICES ALWAYS 10

NEXT WEEK—P

"THE GOLDEN

ON OPERA HOUSE—

DADDY LO

LAST PERFORMANCES! Lower Floor \$1.50

WINNIN Monday Night

SO LONG

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, SYDNEY

LOOM—The Best of

OLD OUT for To

LAST OF PICTURES—

Broadway Near 7th

SEE PAULINE

FREDERICK

SHOWS AT 10, 11:30, 1:15, 2:45, 4:30,

11:15: SHOWS

DOLEY Theater—SHOWS

11:15: MARGUERITE

FOR LATEST

TRIUMPH "66 MICE

PUBLIC—EXCELLENT ORCHESTRA AND P

UNIVE

TONIGHT—NO

AND

JUST C

In Addition to 8 V

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In Addition to 8 V

10 Feature Sh

LIGHT

OPERA 4

Effective.

SWOOP MADE ON RACE GAMBLERS.

Police Raid Dozen Rooms and
Arrest Thirty-six.

Betting Ring's Headquarters
Found in Kitchen.

Evidence Seized; a Traffic of
Thousands Daily Ended.

A commerce that amounted to \$10,
000 a day was virtually disrupted yester-
day by a series of the most care-
fully and effectively-planned raids the
police have ever made here. The of-
ficers acted under the personal direc-
tion of Chief Mulvey and Assistant
Chief Home. A dozen houses where
bets on the Tia Juana races were re-
ceived and paid, were looted of their
literature and money, and thirty-six
men alleged to have been involved
in the illicit trade were taken into
the city's custody.

Later they were arraigned before
Justices of the Peace Palmer and
Hinshaw and their bail fixed at sums
ranging from \$25 to \$1000.

Records confiscated by the police
show the betting on the alleged pool
rooms totalled \$50,000 on the second
day of the Tia Juana races, and the sums
brought daily averaged in excess of \$50,000 a day.

The headquarters of the alleged
ring of bookmakers was found in a
kitchen on the second floor of a Third and
Clay street. It was fitting it should
be on Clay street, which is but a
shadowed alley, tucked away at the
edge of the shopping district, and
where a half dozen houses stand
within the past two years.

The officer in charge was in the kitchen
of an apartment, the typewriter gal-
lantly perching on a gas stove that had
never been used for purposes more
romantic than for writing and
sitting on at most times a duck for
a midnight spread. And the charts
and racing sheets were in the refrig-
erator, while a scared old rooster
had a treasure in paper and gold
in a black box. "I have had my
little finds all right, all right."

THOUSANDS FOR QUARTERS.

The organization had improvised
betting headquarters in offices in
downtown buildings, cigar stands,
barber shops and other familiar
places of business, and the
headquarters were not

located on the second floor of a
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be on

SUNDAY MORNING.

LAND AGAINST THE MEDDLERS.

Miners Tinkering, Says Builders' Exchange.

Boycott and Picketing won't be Tolerated.

Principle Written Bold in Evening Code.

Now is the very code day given its future administration and its plain stand against any toleration, boycotting, picketing, and lockouts, the members of the Los Angeles Builders' last night adopted a new set of by-laws that left the imagination as to the which the principal men, corporations engaged in the building business, and the protection of both those engaged in it and the public.

John Byrnes, one of the organizers of the new Associated Building Crafts, was present and spoke for a few minutes at the close of the meeting. Mr. Byrnes stated that union of corporations engaged in the exchange is heretofore impossible on account of the old constitutional provisions of the latter, is now feasible. He suggested that if the exchange desires the union, the time is ripe for action.

Details—Amusements—Entertainments

tutions of the oldest and most successful building organizations of the East, but the local exchange has gone most others, one being by putting it to its constitution its sentiments on the kind of labor troubles arising out of union intrigues and agitations.

The clauses defining the exchange's attitude on the question of union violence occurs in the by-laws with sections that provide for the organization by the directors of an arbitration board, if it is intended, shall sit, when it is requested in disputes arising between members of the exchange and their employees, failing to adjudicate difficulties with justice to both. Its efforts toward adjustment will be suspended, by direct provision of the constitution, the moment the kind of tactics referred to come into evidence.

The new constitution was drafted by a committee of the exchange comprising representative men from every craft unit with the organization. Several weeks were consumed in its preparation. It was read last night to 150 members of the exchange assembled in the exhibit hall of the Chamber of Commerce Building. Those present adopted it by an almost unanimous vote.

The new code provides for representation in the governing board of the exchange for every craft unit with the building, including contractors, architects, material men and manufacturers. The by-laws were designed, according to its own text, for the uplifting of the standards of the building business and the protection of both those engaged in it and the public.

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Dramatic. GRIM BANDITRY ON FILM STAGE.

Pale Lad Locks Bank Cashier in Vault; Steals Gold.

Before Unseeing Cameras Set for "Movie" Robbery.

Gets Clear Away While Victim Waits Long for Help.

While the office of the Culver City Commercial and Savings Bank in Culver City was hung with light screens and equipped with two motion-picture cameras ready for the filming of a "bank robbery" after the lunch hour, a pale-faced boy who had been a hanger-on at the preparations returned to the bank alone, held up the cashier, George McHugh, with a revolver, locked him in the vault, looted the coin cabinet of \$600, and escaped.

Forty-five minutes later Cashier McHugh was released. He shouted the numbers of the combination to S. C. Perrine, proprietor of the Culver City Call, who manipulated the dial as directed and turned the vault door upon the master's freedom.

The same time Mr. McHugh's impersonation provided the young bandit with opportunity for flight and a complete description is the only clew left for the detectives.

The bank is in the center of the suburban town. Open business hours are at about. Passengers from the trains pass the bank building in going to and from the station. It was as public and prominent a place for banditry as the town could offer.

Anyway, the citizens are surprised with strange and thrilling races. A short distance from the business district is the plant of the New York Motion Picture Company, and cameras are in almost hourly operation somewhere in the town's streets.

WATCHES "MOVIE" MEN.

In the forenoon a company under the direction of Charles Swickard had asked permission to use the bank for filming. The idle of the town loaded the bandit with a wealth of opportunities. Among them was the boy, about 22 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, blonde, smooth shaven, weighing 130 pounds, with slender and peaked face and wearing an olive fedora hat, a dark tan cravatene overcoat, and a thin black belt.

At the lunch hour approached Mr. Swickard and his camera operator, C. Devine, returned to the studio. They had just gone and Cashier McHugh was at work on his books, when he heard the door open. He started toward the window and looked into the unmasked face of the boy, who had a blue-barreled revolver leveled for action.

"Open it," he ordered.

Mr. McHugh turned the dial. Twice he purposely confused the combination.

The bandit detected the duplicity. He gave Mr. McHugh a kick. Then he said, "Get busy and open that door or you'll get this right behind the ear."

Accuracy returned to Cashier McHugh. He opened the door after three swift whirs of the dial.

Then the bandit said, "Get in there, and he shoved the cashier into the chamber of the vault. Mr. McHugh resisted the crush of the door as the bandit slammed it shut.

CLINK OF GOLD.

He heard the boy walk to the cashier's window and then came the clink of gold coins in the bank's showcase. \$600 in gold and currency shone in his pockets; then hurried steps, and finally the shutting of the office door.

But the bandit was so excited he had shoved his hand into his pockets with a vigor that broke one of his cuff buttons. The cuff was cheap, gaudy fragment, and he found later a new nickel-plated gun he had abandoned.

He had not taken all the money in sight because he could not carry it in his pockets. And \$20,000 in currency was locked within the vault, where the kick of shooting caused lay a hysterical after the shot of the hold-up.

Presently Mr. McHugh recovered his self-possession and sat calmly to await liberation.

The bandit walked to the store of Homer Davidson near by and asked about the road leading to the city. The older man directed him to a store and had asked the same question. Also earlier in the day he had visited the bank and had inquired about real estate. Persons had seen him about the town for two days.

Persons. McHugh wondered why her husband had not come to lunch.

She became worried when there was no answer on the telephone, and going to the bank heard the cashier's calls for help. She called in Mr. Perrine, who opened the vault door. Mr. McHugh was weak from nervous exhaustion and stale air. Fortunately the doors of the vault are not air proof.

Poses from the central Police Station and the Sheriff's office raced by motor to the town. But the man had fled.

And soon came the moving-picture men ready to start turning the wild cameras that had looked unseeing upon the extreme expression of banditry, while the room was flooded with light, ready for fiction to begin its gib tale.

MINISTERS TO MEET.

WILL Discuss Plans for Great Laymen's Mission Convention.

The Coming Great Laymen's Missionary Movement Convention will be the special subject to receive the attention of the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles at a meeting to be held at 10:30 o'clock next Monday forenoon in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium.

Dr. M. D. Eubank, who has just come from China to participate in this convention, will address the local ministers. It is probable that at this meeting the preachers will also discuss a resolution on national preparedness.

A banquet of Lutheran laymen of Los Angeles and vicinity will be held next Thursday evening at Christpher's.

LAUNCH HELD.

TO VISIT PRESIDENT WILSON.

The Washington-Sunset Route and staff of the Los Angeles Sun-Sentinel Men's Association occurred last night at the Sierra Madre Club, when more than a hundred persons enjoyed an elaborate dinner followed by a varied program of entertainment and dancing.

Prominent guests included from the cabaret of a downtown cafe consisted by the McVea "Howdy" Band, furnished acrobatic, vocal and musical thrills during the dinner and between dances.

MORTON F. MASON'S COMPOSITIONS

WERE SUNG BY MRS. MARIE TIFANY, WHOSE VOICE NEEDS NO RECOMMENDATION TO LOCAL AUDIENCES.

MARY SHAW WAS THE DISTINGUISHED

LONDON GUEST OF THE DAY AND AT

THEATRE REPEATED WITH HUMOROUS REMINISCENCE, ENCOMPASSING HER EXPERIENCES WITH MME. MODJEWSKA, MRS. FLISKE AND MR. JEFFERSON. SHE PAID JEFFERSON HIGH TRIBUTE AS NOT ONLY FINE ACTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL, BUT ONE OF THE FINEST TEACHERS OF ACTING SHE HAD EVER MET. HE

Captive.

TILLIE KOENEN RECITAL.

LEIDER SINGER PROVES DELIGHT. SYMPHONY CONCERT.

By Edwin F. Schallert.

The locale of the lyric-dramatic in this city was divided between two auditoriums last night. At Clune's a large audience fell under the spell of Alice Koenen's fascinating interpretation of Carmen, while at the bright, particular star was Tillie Koenen, whose compelling art swept all before it with its beauty and vitality.

You know, of course, that leaders of the theater. Tillie Koenen, there are little pastels that sparkle with rhythm and movement, or else deep searching pathetic or dramatic etchings from the heart of real life, or idealized pictures of captivating phases of existence.

She gave us both with all that power, great vitality which is hers— that vitality that enabled her to give three recitals in thirty-six hours in various localities and show no signs of being tired. I doubt if she has ever sung more expressively here than she did last night.

Her programme was essentially a neutral one. It was made up of Italian, German and English selections. French alone were missing.

Now she gave a series of songs in her own tongue, and what effervescent little pictures of Holland they were—tiny visions of Dutch cape and gables several of them that draw a smile to your lips and left a laugh in your heart at every turn.

But there were other songs, too, wherein more subdued elements predominated. There was a lullaby by Scott, that she made a sweet twilight song of lulling softness.

There was that golden glowing mystery of "Tango," "When Bring You Home," a very gay number poetically by John Aiden Carpenter's music. She sang that masterpiece of difficulty, too, "Die Almacht" of Schubert and two Italian numbers of the old school.

At the conclusion came the Strauss grand, and here the real fulness of the artist's dramatic power became apparent. She gave "Heimliche Aufforderung" with a depth of feeling making it a living picture that did not die away in its breathless intensity until after the close.

Herr "Cecilie" was brilliant in the extreme—almost dashing and entirely different.

Udo Waldrop has not been equalled, as an accompanist, in the case of any Philharmonic attraction this season.

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

The audience that left Tuesday Auditorium after the concert given by the Stockholm Orchestra yesterday afternoon doubled, felt as if they knew more than when they entered about the poignant story of one of those and European countries, whose fatal role seems to be to play the buffer for the national disputes of others, even as Alsace-Lorraine and, at present, Belgium.

Something of this tragedy of Finland came to one, not intellectually, but emotionally, through the quivering, sobbing harmonies of the Sibelius symphony in E minor, which had its first performance in this country.

Now the talk back to that door.

He herded Mr. McHugh, with the gun for a goad, directly to the door of the vault.

"Open it," he ordered.

Mr. McHugh turned the dial. Twice he purposely confused the combination.

The bandit detected the duplicity. He gave Mr. McHugh a kick. Then he said, "Get busy and open that door or you'll get this right behind the ear."

Accuracy returned to Cashier McHugh.

He had just gone and Cashier McHugh was at work on his books, when he heard the door open. He started toward the window and looked into the unmasked face of the boy, who had a blue-barreled revolver leveled for action.

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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.
(At Home:) The enormous increase in industrial activity has swamped railroads, and shippers are complaining that their goods are being delayed. In some sections, too, complaints are heard of a shortage of raw material, the supply being far short of demand. Despite these things, the prevailing disposition is to continue ahead. Traveling salesmen are sending in much larger orders. Extra dividends are being declared by large concerns. Copper touched 25¢, the highest since March, 1907. In some sections 30 cents is offered for February delivery. A movement to retire nearly \$400,000,000 in greenbacks is incubating in financial circles. (For details see financial pages.)

OUT OF PROPORTION.
Georgia has another wholesale lynching to its discredit. Africa is thus overshadowed and when looking for a synonym the future orator will be compelled to refer to darkest Georgia. They have their problem down there, but they magnify it by taking it too seriously.

INSPIRED DEVILTRY.
Some man with an eye to the main chance and no conscience whatever left his wagon in the middle of the road between Los Angeles and Santa Monica and then waited near by with his team until some automobile detained and was stuck in the mud. Whereupon he appeared and offered to save the situation for \$5. He must have dug up this idea from some picture in a newspaper's comic section.

MERELY A JEST.
War is usually a tragedy; but war in America would be a cross between burlesque and musical comedy. When you consider that in all of the United States we have less than a million modern rifles and that these are not owned by the government and are already contracted for by some of the foreign countries that we exist to oblige, you can readily see what our chances would be in a military emergency.

AN OVER-EMPHASIS.
The storm came and saw, but did not conquer. Out here there is so much good weather that anything extreme is a novelty and everybody proceeds to quarrel with it and to advertise it. The result is an over-emphasis that is detrimental. People from Denver and other cities have been telegraphing to Los Angeles hotel managers to ask if it is safe for tourists to bring their automobiles to Southern California at this time. Of course such inquiries are absurd, but the easterners do not know this. We have had a rainstorm such as happens in the East many times each year. It is only because it happens so seldom here that we make such a fuss about it.

REPAIRING SHORTAGES.
There is a shortage of cotton in Great Britain which threatens to throw out of employment the Lancashire mill operators.

There is a shortage of grain which has led to an order directing that every British vessel loading abroad for home ports must take on board grain to the extent of 75 per cent.

There is a speculation in copper which has caused the government to fix its price and limit the amount which individuals may purchase.

The lawmaking power of Great Britain has been wrested from "King, Lords and Commons" and is vested in a Council which supplements or repeals laws with "orders." Its powers appear to be unlimited from embargowing the exportation of rubber or logswood from British colonies to issuing edicts against the making or drinking of whisky cocktails or the wearing of mustaches by government officials in office hours.

A TAX THAT TRAVELS.
The injustice of an income tax is that under it the same money may be taxed three or four or a dozen times.

To begin with, a corporation pays a tax upon its net income, which it distributes in dividends among its stockholders. The stockholder pays an income tax upon his dividend. He pays the money received from the dividend to his landlord for rent of offices in a skyscraper, and the landlord pays an income tax upon the rent received. The landlord pays a portion of the rent to a lawyer for a fee, on which fee the lawyer pays an income tax. The man of law being afflicted with appendicitis brought on by remorse pays a physician a big fee to remove his vermiform appendix. On this fee the physician pays an income tax. The physician expends the fee in payment of his wife's dry goods bill and so adds to the profit of the dry goods dealer. The dry goods man pays an income tax on his profits before he passes them along to the grocer, and the grocer, after paying an income tax on his profits, pays them to the same transportation corporation from which the first income tax originated. This enables it to make net earnings upon which it must pay an income tax. The same money having been taxed seven times in three months begins another round.

The income tax is a discourager of thrift. It is a recommendation to men with an income that exceeds the exemption limit not to put it in a savings bank, but to invest it in donations to charitable and religious societies, in joy rides, in booze and beauty and "blowing in."

REGISTER NOW!
In view of the fact that only those voters who register during the first three months of this year are eligible to sign the proposed referendum petitions which are to be in general circulation in a short time voters are urged to do their duty at once—register and do it now. There is opposition on every side, in every political party, to the registration amendment passed at the extra session of the Legislature, and its purpose can be easily defeated if the voters will see to it that their names are enrolled on the Great Register. The amendment becomes effective April 12, unless the people demand, through the referendum, that the question be referred to them again for decision at the polls.

A total of 46,335 signatures of bona fide electors must be attached to the petitions, and to be on the safe side fully 60,000 signatures will be solicited. Some apathy is shown by voters in northern counties in reference to registrations, and consequently efforts to secure the necessary signatures will be largely confined to this end of the State. Normally there will be probably 325,000 voters in Los Angeles city and county registered for the general election, but the total for the first three months naturally will fall far short of that number, and to give assurance of support to the referendum the electors must not procrastinate. Reports from the administration gang leaders are to the effect that they have little cause for worry over the referendum because of expected apathy on the part of voters, but local political leaders, including men prominent in Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and Socialist ranks, declare faith in the electors, and once a good round number are registered the death knell to Johnsonism will be sounded, for all time. Note but the selfish officeholder, tyrannical bosses and greedy politicians can stomach the nonpartisan scheme which Johnson would thrust down the throats of the voters who are preparing to deal it another crushing blow just as they did when the proposition was put up to them at the election last October.

To a man with any sense of fairness or honesty the decisive vote of the people in opposition to a carefully-devised plan to steal from them their privileges of party affiliation would have been accepted as fair; but the unscrupulousness that has marked the regime of Johnsonism, to the shame of California, would stop at nothing, and with almost unheard-of effrontery the master was made the principal subject of the call for an extra session of the Legislature. In spite of the mighty protests from their honest and sincere colleagues a majority of the members voted for the amendment, and again the will of the people was over-ridden. Registrations only are needed to hold up and finally defeat that amendment, so Mr. Voter, register!

SMALL VERSUS LARGE DAMS.
Roughly estimated, the county has directly suffered a loss of about a million dollars through the late wild rampage of our unconcerned, life-giving waters. Indirectly the floods delayed travel, tied up car service and, through these and other minor inconveniences, we have paid a heavy tax to nature, practically for dead horses. If we could total up the expense that California has been put to during the last ten years because we have paid too little attention to restraining avoidable storm damage we should discover the sum was large enough to have provided us with adequate protection and relief.

An experiment in Haines Canyon, the result of which has been carefully noted by Mr. F. H. Olmsted, former member of the county engineer corps, points out perhaps the cheapest and surest way of conserving the abundant winter rains and preventing disastrous floods in the future.

In this canyon, once a source of excessive flood water after heavy rains, the county last year expended \$10,000 in building 400 little dams to hold back the waters near the many tributaries that fed the main stream. The result was perfectly satisfactory. After the heaviest downpours in the last storm no silt was washed down and only a small stream of clear water trickled away into the valley.

Of course as a natural consequence the floods that might have otherwise damaged county highways and washed away county bridges—and would certainly have wasted themselves in the ocean—were being absorbed in the watershed. They were building up the mountains instead of tearing down the valleys, to be available for irrigation purposes during the dry summer months. Erosion in Haines Canyon has been converted into seepage, loss into gain.

This appears so far to be the most practical method for maintaining a moisture balance in a country where the rainfall is confined to a few months each year. Small dams that will cut off the flow from a hundred tributaries are easily built, and the risk of such small dams being washed out is reduced as their number is multiplied.

The cost of these small check dams in Haines Canyon, according to Mr. Olmsted's figures, was only \$25 apiece. One large dam, to confine the accumulated waters at the mouth of a canyon after they have acquired torrential proportions, means an expenditure of many thousands of dollars, and if that large dam once breaks down, the resultant catastrophe is terrific and the restoration of the structure is costly.

But if one or two of the small dams are destroyed the loss can be quickly and cheaply made good. That 400 dams will all collapse at the same time is beyond the range of probability. In Haines Canyon, after one of our longest and heaviest rainstorms, the small dam stood the test splendidly.

It is easy to break a strand of hemp; but to turn a hundred threads into a stranded rope and you will tug on it in vain. In just this way small threads of streams prevented from forming into a solid body of water simplifies flood control in our California mountains. Combination is strength. The strategy of the civil engineer is to prevent the forces of destruction from combining to threaten the works of men. At any rate, Haines Canyon furnishes an object lesson to any board considering the question of flood control and the conservation of our natural water supplies. For this end the first income tax originated. This enables it to make net earnings upon which it must pay an income tax. The same money having been taxed seven times in three months begins another round.

The income tax is a discourager of thrift. It is a recommendation to men with an income that exceeds the exemption limit not to put it in a savings bank, but to invest it in donations to charitable and religious societies, in joy rides, in booze and beauty and "blowing in."



Making a Selection.

AVOID ULTIMATUMS.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

The grand ultimatum is a seductive thing. Most of us have a weakness for ultimatums, but flatter ourselves that it is a sign of strength. We deliver ourselves of ultimatums on every subject under the sun, but your true diplomat avoids ultimatums at all cost.

It was Austria's fatal ultimatum to Serbia that precipitated this bloody war. Austria, the weakest of the great powers. It was Kruger's ultimatum to England that made the Boer war, general belief to the contrary notwithstanding. It would have been much less expensive to make the citizenship concessions which the British government demanded, or, at any rate, to have insisted upon reasonable discussion for a little longer.

In so many of the small controversies of life we issue large ultimatums with reckless abandon. And they are dreadfully axing to live up to.

Many a business has been wrecked by an ultimatum. Many a strike started, many a long-drawn-out quarrel begun, many a home broken up for ever.

We all feel so dreadfully competent to make the final decision, to issue the last word. Whether it is in the home, the school, the store, the office, we have a way of making up our little minds and reaching ultimate conclusions, never remembering that the greatest men of the world have always been wise enough to change their minds and allow the possibility of being mistaken.

The ultimatum is the favorite weapon of the weak mind, the limited outlook. As sure as you see a man who issues ultimatums several times a week in his home, who runs his business on petty ultimatums, be sure that a very modest modicum of success awaits him. There is always another point of view, as witness the editorials in the newspapers all over the country on every current question.

The whole of civilization must necessarily be founded on a large supply of reasonableness and tolerance.

Justice itself is a matter of controversy nine times out of ten. Even the Supreme Court of the United States has a hard time coming to an ultimate decision on questions of justice in many cases.

Yet the small fry of the world is wont to make up its mind finally and adamantly, to issue ultimatums on every department of public interest and activity.

It is alarming to watch, oneself and to discover how many times a day we issue ultimatums. Husband to their wives, mothers to their children, employers to their employees, lovers to each other. And even when we have been able to tyrannically enforce our will, we usually live to doubt our wisdom, to see a totally different point of view.

Perhaps one of the most advantageous resolutions we could make for the New Year would be to avoid ultimatums. It would save untold woe. Many an enterprise, many a business, many a home would avoid calamity.

RIPPLING RHYMES.

THE WHEAT.

The weather man is busy inventing new designs in storms and tempests daily, so Mr. Man rejoices. The frost is in his ways, the snow is in his shoes, and he is going, always, more snow than he can use. And as he does his praying for less of slush and heat, the optimist comes saying, "It's splendid for the wheat!" There comes a beautify drizzle that soaks you to the bone, and life seems all a fizzle, a thing of grief and grieve, and when you're sadly straying down the sloppy street, the optimist comes, saying, "It's splendid for the wheat!"

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Pen Points By B. L. S.

The severe winter weather is likely to start the penitentiary round.

A Vienna dispatch says: "The last of the people want to be paid must pay for it."

In the game of war the spoils. This may be true, but a sentiment aptly termed.

It is not necessary to go to Paris to be located right at home.

It is not often that a man with a heavy bass as that of the bass dulcimer in the lightest possible.

So far none of the editing of the news of the goods that we lines to be found nowhere.

The local Scots are getting their ale and ale to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the host of Robert Burns.

The new gallon hole will be the latest fad of fashion, but the look complete without a spout in the proper place.

If by reason of the lack of time man is compelled to wear a hat, what will happen when he milks the brindle cow?

It is now officially announced that a giant drive by the American spring. Wonder! What is this? It is the start that started last spring?

It seems to make no difference of eggs may happen to be in the average citizen's case or people will talk, you know.

The rain has cleared the sun dispensed the grip. All we have to do is the average citizen to do his best.

The travels of former Presidents about the country, quiet and we make a hit with people who are in democracy and common sense.

Today's Special Luncheons

50c

Fried Pork Tenderloin, Cream Sauce
Baked Potato
Cocoanut Custard Pie
Tea, Coffee or Milk

Coulter's January White Sale Offers These and Other Good Values

Our Entire Stock of Fine Linens Reduced

Unsettled conditions abroad have made practically no difference in the comprehensiveness and attractiveness of the goods that we offer now. Table cloths, napkins, linens by the yard, towels, and elegant decorative items to be found nowhere else in Los Angeles—all are here, at such prices as these:

Linen, \$1.15 Yard

—very best \$1.50 quality; every yard pure linen, of course.

Hemstitched Lunch Napkins Reduced

—scores and dozens of designs and qualities; all beautifully hemstitched.

60c quality, dozen \$2.45

65c quality, dozen \$2.50

70c quality, dozen \$2.55

75c quality, dozen \$2.60

80c quality, dozen \$2.65

85c quality, dozen \$2.70

90c quality, dozen \$2.75

95c quality, dozen \$2.80

100c quality, dozen \$2.85

Bath Mats, 45c

—100 bath mats in assorted colors; same size and weight.



Spreads Reduced

Reg.	Now.	Reg.	Now.
\$1.25	\$1.00	\$6.50	\$5.00
\$2.00	\$1.65	\$9.00	\$7.25
\$3.00	\$2.65	\$11.50	\$9.65
\$4.00	\$3.25	\$20.00	\$15.00
\$5.00	\$3.85	\$30.00	\$22.50

Extra Wide Linens

—51-in.; assorted patterns; regularly \$2.25, yard	\$1.85
—90-inch; various patterns; regularly \$3, yard	\$2.50

—alks, down and wool filled; silk, line, wool and cotton filled—

Were Now Were Now

Were	Now	Were	Now
\$2.25	\$1.00	\$2.25	\$1.00
\$2.00	\$1.65	\$2.00	\$1.65
\$6.00	\$3.00	\$6.00	\$3.00
\$7.50	\$3.75	\$7.50	\$3.75
\$15.00	\$7.50	\$15.00	\$7.50
\$20.00	\$10.00	\$20.00	\$10.00

—Beds, springs, automobile robes and bathrobe blankets likewise reduced

(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)

Dainty Gowns Reduced

—high neck, round or V-neck; yoke of insertion, and tucks; embroidery edge; regularly \$1	75c
—of cambrie; high, V-square or round neck; good square or round neck; good embroidery; reg. \$1.50, \$1 tucks; reg. \$1.75	\$1.25
—of nainsook; with Swiss or cambrie embroidery; reg. \$1.75	\$1.25
—of nainsook; with Swiss or cambrie embroidery; reg. \$1.75	\$1.25
—of nainsook; with Swiss or cambrie embroidery; reg. \$1.75	\$1.25

(Underwear; Second Floor)

Short Lengths of Silks and Wool Goods at Half Price

One of our popular sales of short lengths; in the silks—messalines, taffetas, crepes de Chantilly, charmeuse, wash silks, novelty silks, velvets, corduroys, etc.; in the woolens—black and mixed wovens of the best-like and most-asked-for styles; all at HALF.

(Silks; Dress Goods; Broadway Annex)

A Clearance of Women's Silk Stockings

If you can find your size here, as in all probability you can, by looking about a little, you will find real bargains in these pure thread silk hose, which we are closing out at such little prices, because assortments are broken.

At \$1.15 Pair—pure thread white (only) and out sizes only; regularly \$1.50.

At \$1.65 Pair—pure thread silk hose, regular sizes, in lavender, white and silver only; regularly \$2.50.

At 75c Pair—odd sizes in pure thread silk hose, black and tan only; regularly \$1.00.

(Hosiery; Main Floor)

Notions Specials

Practitioner Pearl Buttons; in fisheye or

shells; sizes 24, 30 and 40; fine for

web dresses, nurses' uniforms or

Clave Twists suits, now, dozen, 25c, 30c and

50c.

Trimming Buttons—odd lines for

costume suits or trimmings at

Half dozen Buttons—assorted styles and

sizes; for children's charm strings;

5c.

Waist Tape—assorted colors; width 1 to 5 inches; 12 1/2c to 25c

widths 10c; 30c to 35c values;

15c.

Fold Tapes—white, pink or

blue; 25c to 50c values, to close;

15c.

Lingerie Braid—in lavender, blue or

pink; 15c.

Pin-On Hose Supporters; pink, blue or

black; good quality lace elastic;

women's and misses' sizes; values

to 25c, to close, pair

10c.

Waist and Cambric Binding; best qual-

ity, measured widths 8 to 12; were 25c to

50c.

Waist Trimming Braids—assorted colors; 6c.

Tulle; now 10c to 30c, at

Waist Thread—100 yd. spools; in black,

white and assorted colors; now three

values for 5c.

(Notions; South Aisle)

\$25 to \$30 Tailored Suits, Now \$14.75

No woman who contemplates buying a suit to wear well into spring can really afford

to delay longer in its selection, for prices are down to "bedrock" now:

At \$14.75—beautiful qualities of navy, black, green and brown broadcloths and gabardines;

whitely cut jackets and plain full skirts.

At \$11.75—a group of suits formerly \$17.50 to \$22.50; broadcloths in navy or green.

For Reduced One-Third—all remaining sets and separate pieces; former prices were very fair,

Indeed.

(Garment Section; Second Floor)

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses—
—McCall Patterns—
Coulters Dry Goods Co.
FOUNDED in 1878
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

Handkerchiefs on Your Shopping List?

Here they are—beautiful qualities of linen, embroidered by hand; the 75c grade, today, each 50c; the 50c grade for 25c, and some remarkably good values in sheer quality embroidered handkerchiefs, regularly 15c, special, each 10c

(Handkerchiefs; Main Floor)

Better Than Ever—the January Blanket Sale

And to make the offerings even more interesting, we have not confined this sale to blankets, but have put new interesting prices on comforters, pillows, mattresses, beds, springs, mattress protectors, and similar articles:

The Blanket Sale

—consists of odd pairs, sample lines, broken assortments; and right in the face of a rising market we quote prices like those—white, colored and fancy styles—

Were Now
\$2.50 \$2.00
\$2.50 \$2.00
\$9.00 \$7.75
so on up to those \$20.00
\$20.00 \$22.50

Odd Blankets

—are even more sharply reduced than the regular stock numbers.

Were Now
\$2.25 \$1.50
\$2.00 \$1.50
\$6.00 \$4.50
\$7.50 \$5.25
\$15.00 \$12.50
\$20.00 \$17.75

Beds, springs, automobile robes and bathrobe blankets likewise reduced

(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)

Pillows

—down, goose-downs, all-goose, best mixed and curled hair; all guaranteed odorless, dustless and sanitary pair:

Were Now
\$10.00 \$8.00
\$7.00 \$5.75
\$8.50 \$6.50
\$2.00 \$1.75
\$1.50 \$1.25

Downyland and Coulter's Special—the best for the price in the world—

Ostermoor—regularly \$20, now \$18.50; reg. \$16.50 and \$12.50, now \$15 and \$11.70

Downyland—regularly \$12.50 and \$11, now \$10 and \$9.00

Coulter's Special—regularly \$10 and \$9, now \$7.50 and \$5.50

(Pillows; Rear South Aisle)

Mattresses

—Ostermoor, Coulter's, Drowyland and Coulter's Special—the best for the price in the world—

Ostermoor—regularly \$20, now \$18.50; reg. \$16.50 and \$12.50, now \$15 and \$11.70

Drowyland—regularly \$12.50 and \$11, now \$10 and \$9.00

Coulter's Special—regularly \$10 and \$9, now \$7.50 and \$5.50

(Mattresses; Rear South Aisle)

Sheets and Cases Take Lower Prices

Articles long regarded as staple as flour or sugar have jumped to prices which put them almost within the class of luxuries, unless you buy at Coulter's—as follows:

Coulter's Special Sheets

—and pillow cases; of soft finish cotton, which washes up well; heavy and full bleached; had we not placed large orders for these months ago we could not sell them at such prices as these:

Los Angeles Daily Times.

JANUARY 22, 1910. [PAPER]

Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds—Trade—Local Produce Market—Citrus Markets

FINANCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES
Los Angeles, Jan. 22, 1910.
Bank during regular year of \$440,000,000 compared with the corresponding year, 1909, of \$300,000,000, an increase of 46.4%.

Monday 104,167,261 2,025,149.18 2,025,149.22 104,167,261
Tuesday 102,277,070.21 2,025,149.18 2,025,149.22 102,277,070.21
Wednesday 102,277,070.21 2,025,149.18 2,025,149.22 102,277,070.21
Thursday 102,277,070.21 2,025,149.18 2,025,149.22 102,277,070.21
Friday 102,277,070.21 2,025,149.18 2,025,149.22 102,277,070.21
New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Mercantile paper, 203.5¢; Sterling, 51¢; Bills, 4.75%; Bar silver, 50¢; Mexican dollars, 4.75%; Government bonds, steady; railroads, firms, Time loans, first sixty and nineties, 2.5% @ 2%; six months, 2.5%; Call, 1%; ruling money, steady; high; 2%; closing bid, 1%; offered at 2.

London Money Market.

ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. LONDON, Jan. 21.—Bar silver, 27¢ per ounce; Money, 4.4% @ 1% per cent.

Bonds and Silver.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.—Mexican dollars, 4%; drafts, eight, 1; do, telegraph, 3¢.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

STRONGER TONE IN ALL SHARES.

IRREGULAR RECOVERIES MADE FROM PREVIOUS WEAKNESS.

Dealers are Somewhat Moderate, but Prices are Well Maintained Until the Closing, When Part of the Advance is Lost—Principal Interest Centers in Steel.

Interest continued to center around United States Steel by reason of the approach of the quarterly meeting. Steel was heavy at the outset, but advanced a total of 14 points to 84%, falling back to 83% in the final hour and closing at 84%, a net gain of 4%.

Bethlehem Steel was inactive, opening at 470, a loss of 8 points, but closing at 484, a net gain of five. Other war stocks were strong for a time and the motor group as a whole strengthened to a marked degree.

Most stocks made gains of 1 to 10 points. Oil made up much of yesterday's reversal. Mercantile firms preferred and Partners were in moderate request at higher levels.

United States Industrial Alcohol made an extreme advance of 2% to 31, a new record, most of the gain being made in the final division of interests in the American Chemical Products and Chemical American Sugar, the latter also at a high record rise of 84% to 1874, comprised the only spectacular feature. Rafts made comparatively little headway, but showed underlying firmness.

Total sales of stocks amounted to \$10,000,000.

Bonds were firm. Total sales per United States bonds were unchanged.

Bond Sales Compared.

BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.

Following is a comparison of today's stock and bond sales.

COMPARISON OF BOND SALES.

Total sales, January 21, 1910, \$3,000,000.

Period in 1909.

COMPARISON OF STOCK SALES.

Total sales, January 21, 1910, \$10,000,000.

Period in 1909.

Stocks, 2,000,000.

Bonds, 8,000,000.

Stocks, 2,000,000.

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40c Can
Tuxedo,
Fancy
Linen
50

2007 CALIFORNIA

SATURDAY, JAN 22, 1960

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly Magazine

TEN CENTS.

THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST
The Monarch of the Hills

1781-1916

THE MONARCH OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST *The Monarch of the Ridge—Mt. Wilson.*



[Photo by W. A. Hughes]

SEASONABLE PLANTS FOR EARLY SPRING

We offer below a few of our leading specialties for immediate planting. They are hardy and will come into bloom within a short time. They will add much to the attractiveness of your garden. The stock is of A-1 quality, pot grown and in prime condition for transplanting.

GIANT CALENDULAS

We offer you a superb strain of these in shades of lemon and orange or all colors mixed. They are of excellent value for cut flower purposes and may be depended upon to blossom within sixty days after planting out.

Price—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

ANTIRRHINUMS

(Snapdragon)

Fine old favorites which are rapidly gaining in popular favor. Planted now they will produce enormous quantities of bloom all through the Spring season. Splendid for cutting or for garden ornamentation. Separate colors of scarlet, yellow, and white or all colors mixed.

PRICE—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

STOCKS

Make a successional planting of these fragrant and beautiful hardy flowers. We can offer them in the separate colors of pink, white, crimson, rose or all colors mixed.

PRICE—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

SCABIOUS Giant Mixed

Our strain of these is of very superior quality. The colors are not only rich and varied, but of the very highest perfected double types of bloom. Planted now they will furnish you an abundance of cut flowers in ninety days.

PRICE—Per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

LOBELIA

Emperor William

One of the handsomest of dwarf border plants. Color, rich deep blue.

PRICE—Per doz. 25c; per 100 \$2.00.

CENTAUREA CANDIDISSIMA

(Dusty Miller)

If you are looking for a permanent border plant for any of your beds there is nothing to exceed this in usefulness and beauty.

Price—Strong 2-inch pot plants, per doz. 50c; per 100 \$3.50.

Some Plants for Shady Places

CINERARIA

We have a magnificent lot of strong, sturdy plants, pot grown, ready for a transfer to your garden. Cinerarias make ideal bedding plants in shady places and blossom over a long period. Our strain is ne plus ultra in quality. Blossoms three inches in diameter are quite common. Trusses enormous in size, colors rich and varied.

Price—Each 15c; per doz. \$1.50.

PRIMULA OBCONICA

A superb lot of plants in four-inch pots, already in flower, and ready for transplanting. If you have a fernery or a shady bed and are wondering what to plant, try some of these.

Price—Each 25c; per doz. \$2.50.

PRIMULA KEWENSIS

A new hardy Primrose, with long spikes, of rich yellow flowers. As equally adapted to shady places as Cinerarias or Primula Obconica.

Price—Each 25c; per doz. \$2.50.

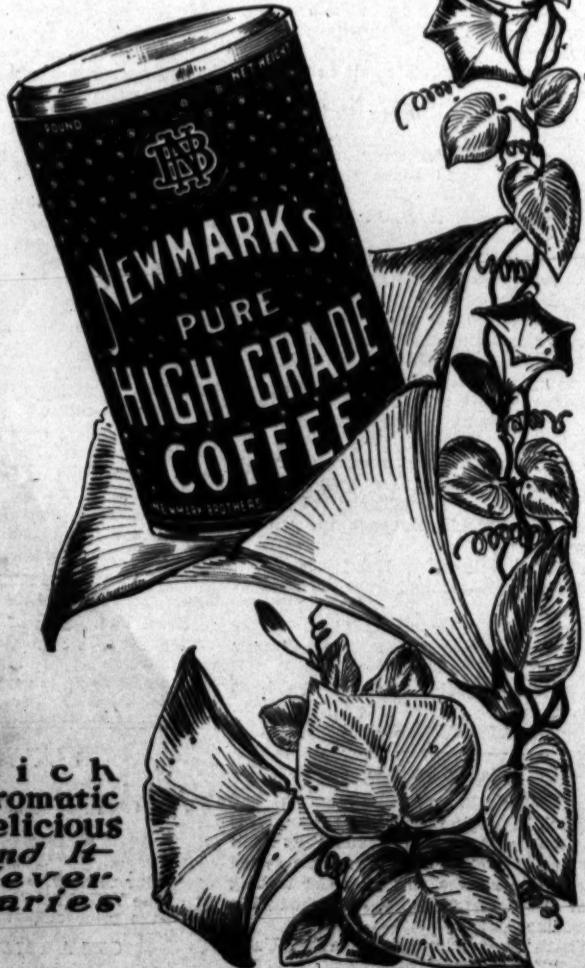
Special Clean Up Sale on Azaleas

We offer during this week a splendid assortment of late flowering Azaleas in all colors including pure white, red, pink, variegated, etc. More economical for interior decoration than cut flowers as they last several weeks in bloom. The heads are large, even in shape and beautifully flowered.

Special price during this week—\$1.50 each.

Howard & Smith
9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
MAIN 1745-10957

CALIFORNIA'S MORNING GLORY



Rich
Aromatic
Delicious
and It
Never
Varies

Purity
--with
Quality



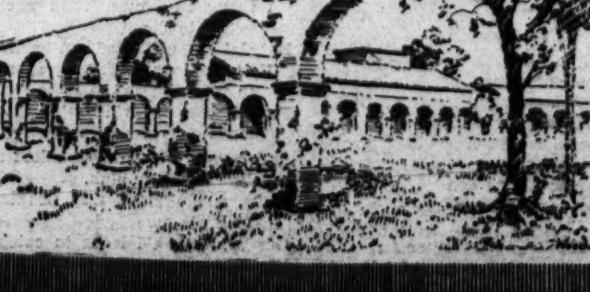
Many a product is pure. But few have that important requisite, "quality," together with purity.

Measure Ben Hur Steel Cut Coffee by the dual standard of both purity and quality. It meets the most exacting requirements because it is steel-cut, rich, and free from chaff and dust. And it's a home product.

It satisfies.

JOANNES BROS. COMPANY
Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers
Los Angeles.

RUINS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO
MISSION ... FOUNDED 1770 ...
at CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA ...
NOTED FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL
ARCHED CLOISTERS.



[Saturday, January 22, 1910.]

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

18th Year—New Series. Vol. IX, No. 4.

Single Copies, by mail or at News Agencies, 10¢.

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912;

Jan. 4, 1912; May 31, 1912; March 27, 1912.

Average Circulation Weekly, 103,000.

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliation, it is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, opinion and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from the Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building, Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without \$2.50 a year in advance, post-paid. Sample copies mailed free on request.

A Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the comprehensive, superb and surpassing Midwinter Number for 1912 and the Illustrated Weekly (52 copies), making in all 105 distinct issues for \$3.65. A quarterly mail subscription to both (12 copies of each) will cost only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent 3 months to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents or 6 months for \$1.30 in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O. under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

OME people in California have struck upon a unique plan for their gardens and door yards, namely, the purchase of 6-year-old fruit trees that are guaranteed to bear from their first season of transplanting. Every healthy-minded person cherishes the hope of sitting under his own vine and fig tree, but if he does not attempt to realize this until his own maturity the least he can do is to try and give the tree an even break.

HERE in our Golden State, where the sun is nearly always shining, and the skies are nearly always blue, there should come a race accustomed to looking at the stars. Californians should have an abundance of that composite quality called sentiency, for everything in Nature here conspires to the arousing of sentiment.

CALIFORNIANS ought to be a people of tenderness. Nature nourishes them upon the lovely, the delicate and the kind. They are surrounded with that beauty which can only inspire thoughts of loveliness and good will.

ANOTHER peculiarly erratic winter, a perfect terror in the East, has so far passed California without a single damaging frost.

THIS YEAR the azaleas missed fire for Christmas, but their later bloom has been a radiant after-glow.

THERE is yet time to prune your rose bushes. Spare the knife and spoil the bloom.

California Right in Line.

IN A previous article in this department of the Illustrated Magazine we have attempted to show that optimism rules the hour in industry and business in all the United States. All the American people need is to know the facts, which will give them courage to go straight ahead with all steam on. Things have been improving rapidly in the East and are coming our way very fast.

In the increased output of gold in the country, California led all the States, with a production valued at more than \$23,000,000, a considerable increase over the previous year. With the establishing of permanent peace in Mexico comes the rehabilitating of the Southern Pacific lines in that republic. From Seattle we learn of the putting on of a new line of steamers to ply all the way from Puget Sound to Panama, and from the same source we learn that the Milwaukee and St. Paul railway is organizing a company to build and operate three steamships between Seattle and Hawaiian, Australian and New Zealand ports. These will cost \$1,250,000 apiece. Whatever helps one part of the Coast helps all.

We have the money here in plenty, and it is going into active use. The bank clearings in the city of Los Angeles for 1915 amounted to just short of \$1,050,000,000. Deposits amounted to \$194,000,000. Discounts ran to more than \$159,000,000. And the beauty of it is that this active use of capital is picking up wonderfully month by month. A year ago in February the clearings amounted to just a little more than \$75,000,000, while in December they ran to \$101,000,000.

The men who know all predict good times for the new year. The men engaged in the production of oil count upon the new year to be one of abundant success. The output for 1915 was about 95,000,000 barrels, or 5,000,000 less than the previous year. But the feature of the year was a great increase in consumption. The excess of consumption over production was about 1,500,000 barrels. Oil is like money and everything else used in industry. It only counts when it is used.

The fertile soils of the State in the year past have yielded abundant crops. The prices were good and the market active, enriching all the farmers of every kind in the State. With the new year the promise is for continued good crops, with just as good a market and just as good prices as last year.

The only thing that has been slack during the last part of the old year has been building. This is picking up and promises good things for the future. We need not dwell upon conditions in California so much in detail, as they appear week by week in very elaborate form in a page devoted to the business interests of California and the whole West in this Illustrated Magazine.

A Vital Idea.

WE NOTE that that somewhat wonderful woman, Miss Jane Addams, whose career is as breezy as that of the Windy City from which she hails, said to a committee of Congress the other day that all this talk about military preparedness came from panic fear in the American mind created by the great war in Europe. The only sign of panic we have observed in America has been that of peace advocates like Miss Addams, W. J. Bryan and other dreamy minds of beautiful intentions but lacking utterly in practical insight into the real conditions of the world.

The war in Europe is enough to turn every one's attention to the condition we are in to resist aggression on the part of some greedy nation, some bandit in the family of nations, covetous of some of our wealth. Among the ideas springing from this thought is the revival of a very old idea concern-

ing the construction of inland canals by which ships of war might pass safely from one point on the coast to another in case of attack. The particular form this idea takes at the present time, as appears from an article in The Times with a Washington headline under date of January 5, is to construct a Kiel canal in America. The route proposed begins at Cape Cod and ends at Washington. The Representative who introduced this

says: "The project of an inland waterway extending from Boston to the entrance to the Chesapeake Bay is attracting more immediate attention because of its bearing on the question of national defense." He went on to point out that the scheme includes the use of the Cape Cod Canal, the enlarging of the channel through Hell Gate between New York City and Long Island, the deepening and widening of the Delaware and Raritan Canal connecting New York Bay with the Delaware River, and the deepening and widening of the Chesapeake Canal that connects the Delaware and Chesapeake bays.

It is nearly forty years since the scheme to build an inland waterway like this extending farther along the coast and connecting finally with the Gulf of Mexico, and of another inland waterway beginning at Chicago and extending down to the Mississippi River and on down that stream to its mouth, was agitated in a very lively manner in America. The writer of the present article wrote a series upon this subject in a San Francisco newspaper which attracted much attention.

Hiram Maxim has pointed out that nearly every munitions and gun factory in the United States lies not more than 150 miles from the Atlantic Coast. In case of invasion, a well-equipped army might very easily become possessed of every one of these plants and leave us as helpless as a ship in mid-ocean on its beam ends in a tempestuous sea. The construction of these canals and the erection of munitions and gun plants in the interior of the country would make national defense a much easier problem under existing circumstances. Besides, these inland waterways would furnish admirable transportation facilities for the great internal commerce carried on between various parts of the United States, a growing commerce of vaster proportions than any similar business in any other nation in the world.

America's Opportunity.

THE present year is opening up wonderful possibilities for American business in every branch to go forward by leaps and bounds, securing a stronger foothold among the industrial nations of the world. It is sad to think that this is partially the result of the war, which is working so much sorrow, suffering, want and woe among our brethren in Europe. That gigantic conflict cannot last forever, and is not likely to last to the end of the current year. With the cessation of hostilities will come a return of the populations of Europe to industrial vocations, with an attempt by every nation to secure its lost place in the commercial world. Every one who speaks upon the subject looks for tremendously sharp competition on the part of the Old World, each nation striving with the others in peace as they are now in war, and this competition is expected to touch our own commercial interests in a very intimate manner.

T. Powderly, one of the early fore-runners of Sam Gompers, a leader of unionized labor, is reported to have advised his misguided followers to break every empty bottle that came across their track. His hostility to glass particularly grew out of the fact that he had been a glass-blower himself. The idea was by breaking a bottle to create a five-minutes job for some

wage-earner somewhere in the world. Of course, if this philosophy was sound as applied to glassware it would apply to every other manufactured article used in human civilization. Why not rend in pieces every overcoat and other garment that the worker could lay his hands on? Why not go farther and burn down every house which could safely be done without landing the fire-bug in the penitentiary?

The whole philosophy is rotten. It goes upon the supposition that there is just so much work in the world to do, and that it is a fixed quantity which no influence can possibly add to.

It requires but a moment's consideration on the part of the dullest mind, not absolutely dead in its stupidity, to perceive the fallacy of this reasoning. With the continued onward progress of civilization new industries are added all the time, old ones extended and magnified, and there is absolutely no limit to the capacity of the world to utilize, absorb and pay for intelligent, diligent, rightly-directed labor. Look at the automobile business, what it has done. It opened up channels of profitable labor for hundreds of thousands of persons directly, and others indirectly. It has made good roads a necessity in all the world. Consider the houses occupied by laborers in Los Angeles today, compared with the shacks occupied by their forefathers in times gone by. Why, there are houses in Los Angeles occupied by people of very limited means that are in every way superior to the palaces of kings a hundred years ago.

In the struggle for supremacy in the industrial world we shall have everything our own way, provided we use our opportunities properly. One of the main factors in this peaceful struggle will be the efficiency, diligence and earnestness of our working people. The whole future of the country industrially and commercially lies in the hands of the toilers in the various industries and activities of the nation. It will be a struggle to see who can turn out and lay down in the markets of the world the most goods of the best quality for a dollar. Our position in the world is very greatly enhanced from what it was even two years ago. We have an abundance of capital to make interest rates as low as any in the world. Capitalists will do their share and make every dollar work in the right way. But they can do nothing without the co-operation of the laboring people. If the toilers turn a deaf ear to agitators and refuse to go to sleep on the switch, to loaf on the job, or in any other way hamper the progress of our industries, the future of American business, including manufacturing, agriculture and commerce, is absolutely secure.

Nothing Can Hold Her Back.

THE headline, of course, refers to Los Angeles, the ever-advancing city. To be sure, we do not know that any one is trying to hold back the city and her marvelous growth. But for all that there are some of us who are afraid that some circumstance is bound to stop, check or retard the growth of the city. It can't be done. The history of the past and the conditions of the present demonstrate that it cannot be done.

For in a period of more than thirty years the city has gone straight ahead, in evil days and good days. Its growth has been a little faster now than then, but all the time its progress has been cumulative. No matter what conditions of depression prevail at the East, they always fail to produce anything like a permanent or momentary grievous check to the growth of this marvelous city. The European war failed to do this, and so will every other influence that comes upon the world.

If there is a pessimist in the community who doubts the continued progress of this municipality, he

The City and the Coast. Editorial.
Other People's Morals. By Eugene Brown.
The Radio. The Radio. By George L. Smith.
California, Abiding Land of the Sun.
Transportation of Fish from Alaska.
That Other Stuff. By Kenneth Roderick.
Homesteading in the Mountains.
The Old Sea Clock. By Edwin Tarriss.
Mysterious Rain in National Park.

GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

I'm for Peace!
The way some rummies talk
About the war, you'd think
That Kaiser Bill, and Nick
The Czar, and all the French
And all those other guys were
Fighting for the love of blood
And just to see how many human
Ten-pins those new guns can
Topple down; but listen, kid,
You bet there's something else
Behind this war stuff stunt.
But I'm not saying much.
'Cause I'm for peace, and say.
I wouldn't fight a mouse, but
Take this straight from me—the
Next time Neighbor Jones throws
Any more tin cans in our back
Yard, I'll start a war right.
Here at home and it will be SOME
War and I'll push Neighbor Jones's
Face around so far, he'll have
To stretch his neck to blow his nose.
But I'm for peace from A to Z.
I always was for peace, and I
Believe I'd run a thousand miles
To shun a fight; but say, don't
Wipe your feet on this here flag
I call "Old Glory," the flag that
Has the stars and stripes, you know,
The flag our grand-dads fought
And bled for and the flag that
Stands for "U. S. A." and the flag that
Grant and Abe and Washington
And many other MEN put on
The map—I'm telling you that
I'm for peace, but any time
You think that you can use my
Flag to blow your nose, or spit
Tobacco juice upon my Eagle's tail,
I'll smash your jaw so hard
You'll see the stars and stripes
Go floating 'round and 'round,
And next time when you see
My flag you'll think of me and
Then you'll say: "That flag sure
"Stands for peace!" but don't get
Sore, 'cause every true-blue Yankee
Guy is just like me—we're all
For peace, unless we've got to fight,
And when they make us fight,
You bet your boots we'll fight like hell!
JACK WOLF.

Rainy-time in California.
When it rains in California, simply living
is a boon;
And my heart, it keeps a-singing a glad
halleujah tune.
Gray old earth awaits its coming, as the
clouds go scurrying by,
And receives with blissful rapture the soft
kisses of the sky.

Yesterday, the hills were sleeping, clothed
in coats of sober brown.
Now, they've wakened to the patter as the
rain comes gently down.
And the wild oats on the ridges and the val-
ley in between
Form a rippling, shimmering carpet of a
vivid, velvet green.

Every leaf and bough is dancing on the
dripping pepper trees;
Just as though they time were keeping, to
the music of the breeze.
Soft gray mist o'er wide, wide waters!
Fruit and bud and bloom a-thrive
Winter time in California. Oh, it's good to
be alive!

TILLY MORAN SMITH.

The Censor.
How glad I'd be to have a tooth,
With action automatic,
To check my words when saying ill
By protest most emphatic;
A savage tooth, a censor tooth,
A critical incisor.
Well qualified to act as con-
versational reviser;
Then every time I'd use a phrase
Which smacked of hate or spite,
That sentry tooth, right on its job,
Would give my tongue a bite.
—[H. S. Haskins, in New York Sun.]

Following the Trail of Tomorrow.
Recent Notable Cartoons.
The Little Flower Girl of Maggie Rock.
Primpings of the Muir Woods.
An Episode of the Gold Rush.
Good Short Stories.
When the Earth Quaked for Said.
The Golden Glow of Pioneer Days.
The Red-ribboned Bather on Sunset Knoll.

A Note of the Old Spanish Days.
The Marvelous Life of Helen and Willard.
The Mysterious Source of the Gold Rush.
Making the City and Home Beautiful.
The Golden Region. By V. Martens.
The Human Heart. By C. C. and A. A.
"Home, Sweet Home." By a Housekeeper.
Good Little Poems. Humor.

Maurupt.
In the seven times taken and retaken town
Peace! The mind stops; sense argues
against sense.
The August sun is ghostly in the street
As if the silence of a thousand years
Were its familiar. All is as it was
At the instant of the shattering: flat thrown
walls;
Dislocated rafters; lintels hurled awry
And toppling over: what were windows,
merely
Gapings on mounds of shapelessness and
dust;
Charred posts caught in a bramble of twist-
ed iron;
Wires sagging ravelled across the street
the black
Skeleton of a vine wrenched from the old
house
It clung to; a limp bell pull; here and there
Little printed papers pasted on the wall.
It is like a madness crumpled up in stone,
Laughterless, tearless, meaningless; a
frenzy
Stilled, like at ebb the shingle of sea caves
Where that imagined weight of water
swung
Its senseless crash with pebbles in myriads
churned
By the random seethe. But here was flesh
and blood!
Seeing eyes, feeling nerves; memoried
minds
With the habit of the picture of these fields
And the white roads crossing the broad
green plain.
All vanished! One could fancy the very
fields
Were memory's projection, phantoms. All
Silent! The stone is hot to the touching
hand.
Footsteps come strange to the sense. In
the sloped churchyard,
Where the tower shows the blue through
its great rents.
Shadows fall over pitiful wrecked graves,
And on the gravel a bare-headed boy,
Hands in his pockets, with brown absent
eyes,
Whistles the Marseillaise. "To arms, to
arms!"
There is no other sound in the bright air.
It is as if they heard under the grass,
The dead men of the Marne, and their thin
voice
Used those young lips to sing it from their
graves.
The song that sang a nation into arms.
And far away on the listening ear in the
silence
Like remote thunder throb the guns of
France.
—[Lawrence Binyon, in the Spectator.]

In Beauty's Way.
I followed after beauty, and in her ways
My soul took hold of treasures bright and
fair;
In place of sad and melancholy days,
Came radiant visions, pleasures new and
rare;
The earth and sky seemed flooded with
celestial rays,
And joy drove out remembrance of un-
welcome care.
Touched by enchantment's wand, life then
did seem
Filled with the glories of some splendid
dream.

Too fair to last, you say, those splendors
soon must fade;
I thought so once, 'twas when they first
began to die,
But, lo! I found I had not been betrayed;
Up to serener heights my eyes had learned
to fly.
From human to divine quick the ascent they
made
And caught the rainbow colors round about
His throne on high.
It is God's plan, that looking thus on
beauty's face
Our souls should learn to catch the vision
of His wondrous grace.
—[William Justin Mann, in Boston Transcript.]

A Requiem.
Under the glowing western sky,
Lay my body when I die;
Here, beneath the blessed sod,
Leave me to the West and God!

When the dead shall all arise,
Let me see, with quickened eyes,
Western mountains, vales and plains,
And the ocean, with its strains
Of melody, repeated o'er
To the familiar beach and shore.

Let me see the birds awing,
Hear the lark and mocker sing,
Breathe the air of earth and sea
With fragrances of flower and tree;
Heaven then will close me round—
Bliss in sight and scent and sound.
ELIZABETH CRIGHTON.

"Let There Be Light!"
Against the sudden fields of Time, opaque
With dust of centuries, the dread and cold,
The present throws the beams of intellect
With forceful aim; and in disquiet there
The dust is stirred to life, emboldening
Each searcher after truth.
Revealing Truth!
That lives throughout the generations dead,
And has no part in all save history.
Light fends against all darkness and the
gloom,
To interpenetrate, to seek recess,
To glow within and bring illumined facts
Before the vision and to satisfy
Inquiring minds of all that lived in Past.

Who made the light?
Not he who holds or serves,
Nor one begot of man. The stellar space
Omnipotence hath sown with myriad spheres
That glow of luster far beyond the dreams
Of insufficient man to know or claim;
And in diversion of the lambent beams
That fall in endless sheen through day and
night
The tapestry of heav'n complex is bare,
Revealing but a part of Wondrous Power.

Who needs the light?
All those who darkly see
Through mists and shadows; who upon the
brink
Are peering into future's scroll to look be-
yond;
Who heed not steps where foul disaster
lurks;
And more than all who never upward look,
Save penitents, and whom remorse hath
claimed.
Light cometh and it goeth whence and
where?
The prototype of mystery; the twin
Of ignorance, the shadows yet unborn,
The goal of desolation's empire locked.
And all-engulfing blackness of despair—
All these do need the ministry of light;
And fearful enemies who lie in wait,
Frustrating all that inspiration lends,
Do valiant combat with the ways of Good,
Perverting thought and weaving chance's
web
On probity and that which wisdom proves.
Light tests and guides;
Revealing all wherein
Shrewd error would ensconce the witless
prey.
To falsify a reckoned end and lose
The debtor's pledge; and from the tomb of
night
Is resurrected glorious day that He
Who rules and governs by His will may
say:
"Let there be light!" And, lo! the light
is there.
CLIFFORD KANE STOUT.

A Real Pun.
[Philadelphia Record:] A little girl had
sent back her plate for chicken two or three
times, and had been helped bountifully to all
the other rich things that go to make a good
dinner. Finally she was observed looking
rather disconsolately at her unfinished plate
of pudding.
"What's the matter, Dora?" asked Uncle
John. "You look mournful."
"That's just the matter," said Dora. "I
am more'n full."

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Elphabit Historian.
Saturday, January 22, 1911.

MEANS OF THROWING LIGHT ON ME.

TERY OF THROWING LIGHT ON ME.

NEW YORK SUN: In all the history of cities.

THEIR RULERS FORMED—TEMPLES AND COURTYARDS.

ELPHABIT HISTORIAN: There is no darker mystery than

ELPHABIT HISTORIAN: Strange, strange

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Wednesday, January 22, 1913.

Elephant Historian.

MEANS OF THROWING LIGHT ON MYSTERY OF LOST CITIES.

[New York Sun:] In all the history of civilizations there is no darker mystery than that of the lost cities of Central America. Their ruins remain—temples and courtyards, palaces, strange carved monuments patterned with human heads. And over all the jungle.

The people of a hundred cities are gone. No one knows when they went nor why nor where. All that can be made out is that the civilization arose suddenly, perhaps not many centuries before the year 1000 of our era, flourished for only a few hundred years and then went under.

It has been maintained that the old state was literally washed away by the rain, that a series of wet years sent the tropic vegetation rolling in on the cultivated fields. Lacking iron weapons, men fought in vain against the plants.

Be all this as it may, a civilization little inferior to that of Europe of the same date perished before Columbus's time and left only its stones to show it had ever been.

An extraordinary thing about the carved altars and shafts which lie scattered through the jungle is that here and there, along with serpents and human faces and hieroglyphs yet unread, there are occasionally the heads of elephants.

One of the Copan monuments in particular bears a striking picture. The creature's trunk is twined around some sort of low herb as if to pull it for food. The tusks are conventionalized into a spiral. A man's head appears about where it should be if the man himself were seated astride the neck, and further behind is another human figure as if carried on the back. All, in short, carved in stone, is a good deal the sort of picture that one sees nowadays in natural history primer or circus bill.

Clearly, then, these mysterious people knew the elephant.

But there are no elephants in America. And there have not been any since the great Ice Age, when the mammoth roamed what are now the prairies and even strayed as far south as Mexico. Either, therefore, these Central Americans had passed down for some 50,000 years the tradition of the mammoth, or else they had had some much more recent contact with the eastern continent, where elephants are still common.

So the matter rested until lately. Then G. Elliot Smith of the University of Manchester, England, took it up.

Unlike his predecessors, Prof. Smith did not rest content with noting that the sculptor at Copan had carved an elephant's head. He asked in addition just what kind of elephant it was.

Now there are elephants and elephants. Most of them, the African species, for example, have enormous tusks and great ears. But the circus elephant, which is the Indian species, has ears hardly larger than a circus fan and tusks only just large enough to make one row of billiard balls.

First of all, then, Prof. Smith argues that the Copan figure is not an American mammoth, nor the woolly elephant of Siberia nor the African sort nor any other kind except the Indian. Shape of head, size of ear, hang of trunk, all prove the old carving to be our familiar peanut eating friend. Moreover, since a man rides his neck and another his back, he is a tame elephant, not a wild one.

Now the common or circus elephant, although confined now in his wild state to the neighborhood of India, occurred also not so very long ago in China. In fact, various old Chinese potters of the time of the Middle Ages used to decorate their wares with figures of elephants or with elephants' heads.

Furthermore, if you take the trouble to run the tip of your tongue along the roof of your mouth, you will feel there certain rough bars lying crosswise. The elephant has these same bars on the under side of his trunk, where every child has noticed them when he throws peanuts into the creature's mouth. For the elephant's trunk is not, as is commonly supposed, his nose; but his nose, upper lip and palate are all pulled out together. The under side of the trunk, therefore, being really the roof of the mouth, carries, naturally, the roof bars.

Both the Chinese potters and the sculptors of Copan took pains to figure these peculiar markings whenever their elephants had their trunks twisted so as to show the under side.

At this point Prof. Smith once more takes

up the argument. The Copan figure cannot possibly be based on any old tradition of the Indian elephant brought over by some immortal ancestor who crossed Bering Strait. The man who cuts roof bars and gets the right shape of an ear is pretty close to first hand knowledge of the thing he figures.

And yet, Prof. Smith goes on to argue, the Central Americans could never have seen an elephant in the flesh, for these reasons: The ancient sculptor of Copan, along with other details, put his elephant's eye in exactly the right place—only he mistook it for the nose. In short, he drew a nostril where he should have drawn an optic.

Then he put the eye where the hole of the ear belongs. Therefore, being quite put out to account for the ear flap, he made that into a sort of ornamental head covering, as much as anything else like an embroidered scarf.

In short, argues the archeologist, the Central American sculptor was copying another man's figure of something that he had never seen and did not more than half comprehend. He made, in other words, for the admiration of his fellow citizens just about what he would have made if he had somehow got hold of a contemporary Chinese vase and copied the unknown creature from that.

Why War is Expensive.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] This is a war of artillery. Shells and shrapnel are being used on a scale far in excess of the calculations of the most far-seeing military experts of Europe. That is why Kitchener emphasizes the need of more shells, and still more shells; for a great proportion of the \$120 a minute which this war is costing is being blown away by English big guns.

To fire a single shot from our biggest guns costs \$5000, and some idea of the expenditure of naval firing can be gathered from the fact that one famous battleship could use up roughly \$100,000 worth of ammunition per minute if she worked all her guns at full blast, as she would do it necessary. And to this huge outlay must be added the cost of the gun, remembering that the largest weapon has a very short life, and is soon worn out. The most expensive gun the English use is the fifteen-inch, though other big guns run up heavy ammunition bills. For instance, \$375 vanishes in smoke every time a 13.5 weapon is fired.

The guns that expend \$5000 worth of ammunition every time they are fired are really wonderful pieces of artillery. They can heave a ton weight of explosive shell over a distance of thirty miles with the certainty of hitting any spot they aim at. The power and velocity of the shot is such that on leaving the gun it has force enough to go straight through fifty-three and one-half inches of wrought iron.

Soldiers' Charms.

[Tit-Bits:] The soldiers of the Kaiser are very superstitious, from the men in the ranks clear up to the Crown Prince. Wilhelm's eldest son carries a horseshoe with him on all his motor trips, and the Crown Prince spends most of the day in his motor car. The horseshoe is attached to one of the doors of the car, and when being photographed in his motor car the Prince always insists on the photographer "taking" the side of the car with the horseshoe.

The soldiers of Wurtemberg pin their faith upon a little bag containing the dried pollen of flowers, which they believe, has the power of warding off the bullets.

The Saxons sew into the linings of their waistcoats the wings of a bat, and think themselves to be invincible.

The Bavarians hold on tenaciously to a still more bizarre custom. Before going into battle each soldier finds a birch tree, cuts his skin, and lets a few drops of blood fall upon the tree. This ceremony, they assert, assures recovery, no matter what the nature of the wound, when the leaves begin to grow again.

Napoleon's Bullet Wound.

[London Chronicle:] Napoleon, like all the present great military leaders, was wounded in the course of his military career, though once only. This was before Ratisbon, on April 23, 1809. He was struck by a grapeshot ball, and received a flesh wound, which disconcerted him so little that he mounted his horse, wiping away the blood with a handkerchief. The ball was picked up by an officer, who treasured it so highly that it passed as an heirloom to his children and grandchildren. It now rests in the Musee at Paris.

Following the Trail of Tomorrow

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

fade could decide their future. Mariquita, only, would be rescued from the clutch of the barren death-trap.

As the white man had stolen an Indian girl and bonded her to his will, even so would the Indian steal the white man's daughter. To the redskin then would come justice and revenge. The dark face of Kanelo glowed with triumph. The moon would soon rise and the trail of tomorrow would glisten in the silver light.

"She died of a broken heart." The words came clear and sweet to the ears of Kanelo. Who had spoken? He peered about in the darkness.

"The crossing of the races brings naught but sorrow and despair." The heart of the Indian bounded in his bosom and the words cut into his brain. Who had spoken? All about was the silence of sleep and yet the words still echoed on the sounding board of night.

Kanelo leaned over the sleeping girl and listened to her measured breathing. Fate had played her into his hands and—the Indian shuddered—would she, too, die of a broken heart? Would the tragedy of his mother's life live again and another such as he roamed the desert with an aching heart?

Kanelo lay on the ground writhing in anguish and his soul cried out to God. He raised his eyes—the sky was illuminated with the brilliancy of the midnight stars. The slanting rays of a golden one shone direct into his eyes and the purg light of silver shafts cast a halo over the sleeping girl.

The thorns left the crucified heart of the Indian and he rose a sainted being. Savage that he was—the God in man had won. Again he raised his eyes to the star.

In the annals of the white man it belonged to the constellation with a name well known to the civilized world. The Spaniards learned in an early day to reckon time from its position above the horizon. For centuries it had been the religious symbol of the southern Indian.

A point of light to the astronomer, a clock to the explorer, and a message from God to the Indian. Its golden beams revealed the open way which stretched out before Kanelo. Reflected in the dim night shadows of earth, a cross was clearly shown, the new trail of his tomorrow lay pictured in the sand.

He reached for the cup and drained the last drop of the opiate. The arrow of the desert would sleep until the golden symbol faded from the sky and a crimson glow in the east announced the coming of a new day.

A "White Lightning" Drink.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] When it comes to concoctions used as a substitute for liquor by the inhabitants of many sections of the country where statutory prohibition prevails, officials of the internal revenue bureau are not easily shocked.

However, there was genuine amazement over a drink recipe figuring in a North Carolina moonshine case in Washington. It appears that two moonshiners got into a quarrel, with the result that one went into court and exposed the business secrets of the other.

Here is the recipe for the latest North Carolina temperance tipple called "White Lightning":

"One bushel cornmeal, 100 pounds of sugar, two boxes of lye, four plugs of tobacco, four pounds of pokeroot berries, two pounds of soda. Water to measure and distilled."

Two drinks of this, the North Carolina informant said, would make a rabbit fight a bulldog.

Raises a Doubt.

[Dallas News:] Customer: I have taken seventeen of these bottles now, and I'm feeling no better.

Drug Clerk: But how would you feel if you hadn't taken them?

Pigeons Learn to Swim.

[Indianapolis News:] The swimming of blue pigeons—the familiar domestic birds—is the remarkable sight reported to a Dutch natural history journal. Some months ago one of the doves was thrown into the water in a flight and rescued by human aid, and since then they have become more familiar with the water. Pieces of bread noticed in shallow places evidently tempted

them at first. Gaining courage, they soon learned to swim, and just before making his report the observer saw two of them sailing around like gulls a few yards from his house. When they tired of the bath they quietly flew out of the water.

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BURNS

525 South Broadway

CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

[Saturday, January 22, 1916]



PREPARE to resist aggression, or yield to the aggressor. That is the way, brethren and friends, Americans all, the situation looms up at the present time in the Eagle's eye. Aggression will come as sure as eggs in eggs, as sure as death and taxes, as sure as human nature remains human nature. And that will be until moons shall wax and wane no more, and until suns shall rise and set no more.

We are the richest nation in the world today, and heaping up riches at a rate never before known on earth. That is why aggression is as sure to come some day as that the sun shall continue to rise and set for years, generations, centuries, to come. Human nature is human nature, aggregated into nations, just as it is distributed in the individuals that make up the nations. "The love of money is the root of all evil." So says the wisest, most profoundly philosophical book ever written by human pen. The same book says, "Wickedness is bound in the heart of a child." So greed is bound in the heart of every grown-up among you humans. That is what lies at the bottom of the conflict that has been tearing Europe to pieces for the last year and a half. It was not the murder of the Austrian Duke by a band of Serbians that made the conflict that has cost millions of lives and billions of dollars to the nations of Europe. That was simply an excuse, not a reason, and a poor excuse is better than none. It was not the violation of Belgium's sovereignty that dragged England and France into the war. That was simply another excuse. This is absolutely shown by the violation of Greek sovereignty by the French and the English in making a landing place for their troops and a naval and military base of Saloniki.

Friends and brethren, Americans all, you are a wise and just people, and therefore a peaceable people. You have enough and to spare in your own great territory, heaven-endowed with every good thing the world knows. You are not different from other people excepting as your environment differentiates you. It is not because you are better than your brethren in Europe that you are so peaceable. You are nearly all of European stock, and no wise, intelligent person among you will deny that you are as full of the old Adam as an egg is of meat. The reason you are peaceable is that you have enough of your own and can get along without the things other nations have.

You are wise and peaceable as long as you are left alone. But how long will that be? Just as long as you keep out of the way of other nations in seeking to extend your trade at the expense of their commerce. Just so long and no longer. Germany is a country of dense population, composed of people of great energy, of wide-awake minds, highly trained and highly educated, especially in the material things of life. This is a new departure for the German people, who fifty or seventy-five years ago used to laugh at the English as "a nation of shop-keepers." At that time the German people were devoted more to intellectual pursuits than to the material industries. While they kept to this programme they were let alone, for the British people had no greed for intellectual pursuits. But the moment Germany turned aside from literature and philosophy to material industries and sought to market her products in the outside world, immediately she ran up against the British lion, and immediately that beast began to howl and scold.

The British have had a great to-do about Teutonic militarism. Germany organized, trained and equipped the greatest army you humans ever knew of. Did not England construct the greatest navy you humans have ever known? Is not sauce for the English goose applicable to the German gander? Is not British militarism just as condemnable as German militarism? Why should not the two nations practice that beautiful philosophy, "Live and let live?" Simply because both races are possessed, obsessed, with old Adam, with greed, with the love of money, which is the root of all

evil, of all the evils of the needless, fruitless, ruthless war that is playing havoc with everything from Daunt's Rock to the Vistula River.

Do you not see the handwriting on the wall as plain as that which the angel's hand wrote on the palace wall in Babylon, where Belshazzar was holding high revel on that memorable night? The writing may be different, but it is just as plain. What was written on that wall of that palace in Babylon was, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." What is written on the sky for your eyes, friends and brethren, Americans all, to sit up and take notice of, is this: "Your turn will come all in good time."

England and Germany have run a break-neck race for a quarter of a century in trying to offset preparedness for war in one country by equal preparedness in the other. Every time Germany organized a new army corps, England laid down the keel of a cruiser or a dreadnaught. Then Germany began the construction of a fleet, and the British lion growled at every rivet driven into the hull of every German warship built. And the British said: "For every ship you build we will build two, and for every two you build we will build five." The boast of the British has been, "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too."

How is any dove of peace in petticoats or pantaloons so oblivious to what is going on as to dare to sit up on its dove-cote and challenge the Eagle's statement that we are menaced from any quarter? It is a stupid, ignorant, prejudiced dove that makes itself ridiculous in asking such a question. The Eagle's eye catches streaks of menacing fire in "the rising sun of the Orient," and his ear catches menacing growls from the throat of that ferocious old beast the British lion. Why, you foolish peaceful dove, it was only yesterday or the day before when your Congress began to discuss the building of a great navy that Japan pooh-poohed the idea that the construction of a battle fleet by the United States was meant for repelling aggression. They immediately saw a threat in this programme of America to wrest from that wonderful people the island empire of the Orient, the trade of the Pacific Ocean. Simultaneously came the growl from the British lion, per-

sonified for the moment by Earl Rosebery, whose eye caught a rival for world trade on the part of America to dispute with Britain her right to grab all the oversea commerce on earth. Of course it was put in diplomatic phrase, a lamentation as tearful as a crocodile's, that America should waste her energy and funds in building battleships.

These menacing flames spread across the sky from the rising sun of the Orient, and this initial howl from the British lion when America proclaimed her intention of exercising her own sovereignty, of using her own money in building up a navy for defense, advertised, to the Eagle's mind, what is going to take place sooner or later on the part of some strong, well-equipped nation when we begin to tread on its toes in friendly competition for the commerce of the seas.

America's philosophy may be "Live and let live," fair play for all, may the best man win, let the fittest survive. She may go on world without end proclaiming her intention to get trade in a peaceful way, honestly, by honorable means and human methods. That will not go down with the greedy nations of the world whose philosophy is, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," and we must either have oversea commerce or fall behind in the race for wealth and the comforts that wealth brings. Fair methods, honorable ways, honest purposes, be hanged! We are the people, and we are going to have our commerce, and yours, too, if we can get it by fair means or foul. We were on the seas before you Americans, and you are not going to take away the trade we have built up. We are going to keep it if we have to fight for it.

That is exactly the way conditions look to your Eagle's eye, friends and brethren, Americans all. We have got to either prepare to repel aggression on the part of some greedy nation, or quit, drop behind in the race, and take our place at the foot of the industrial and commercial classes of the world.

Yours for America,

The Eagle
—mark

THE LANCER

LOS ANGELES is making a brave struggle to evolve a society of Bohemians. We feel that we can't be really metropolitan without a Bohemian set. Besides, traditions die hard, and artists and literary people feel that they must make a supreme effort toward unconventionality for their reputations' sake. We make up in odd behavior what we lack in social standing, as it were.

But so far, all we really manage to do is to have a party at an inexpensive restaurant with a foreign atmosphere, give each of us a fair chance to talk about ourselves, gush a little about the weighty and important distinction between soul and stomach, and go home to bed like good children well before midnight.

That early-to-bed business worries us a little. We know very well that real Bohemians never go to bed. So certain brave spirits among us, aided and abetted by a smart restaurant, have joined a society called "Pals" which meets at midnight every Saturday, and crawls home on the Sabbath morning with a guilty feeling of dissipation, warranted only by the face of the clock, certainly not by the decorous entertainment.

The fact is the Los Angeles type of Bohemian is a nice, respectable soul, with a marked taste for domesticity, savings banks, comfortable homes and regular meals. Many of them raise their own vegetables and chickens. And are very

particular about their front lawns. They are a little shy about this penchant of theirs and never mention it at Bohemian parties where they effect dashing recklessness and always pretend to be much poorer than they are for old time's sake. A Bohemian with a savings account is unthinkable. When the retired actor recites a vivid poem about preferring to starve in Bohemia to live in affluence anywhere else, we all applaud vociferously, and recall our well ordered homes with a guilty sense of hypocrisy.

And when by chance a real Bohemian breaks in, who lives on insecure ideals and borrowed quarters, we find him altogether too true to type and we don't quite know what to do with him. We know we ought to tolerate him gladly and fork out the quarters with Bohemian fraternity, but our generosity lacks recklessness and we long to assign a rigid date for repayment, which, of course, would not do at all—in Bohemia.

Sometimes we have these Bohemian parties at our little "artistic" bungalows. But they have a way of waxing high-brow instead of Bohemian and gentlemen who frequently sell their effusions, read them with poetic fervor and soulful intonation. The violinist plays us something strictly classical and glowers if we giggle. And we eat a well-ordered supper for all the world as though it were a tame society party.

Even if one of the ladies smokes cigarettes with an experienced hand, we are sure to discover that she has a well behaved baby, a strictly well regulated home from which she is lifting the mortgage with shrewd business acumen, and possibly employs a well trained housekeeper in the bargain, who keeps her stockings darned and the baby on a wise diet. Your real lady Bohemian should never be able to remove her shoe in company with any degree of security and her baby ought to die of lobster salad served on a cracked plate at midnight.

Your real Bohemian never lifts a mortgage, always has his best possessions in pawn, and must be an essentially unappreciated genius. But Los Angeles insists

upon appreciating her geniuses enough to accord them a decent living, or else they are unfortunate enough to possess domesticated, modestly affluent families who veil the would-be Bohemian in respectability whether he will or no. Some of our most piquant movie actresses graduated from High School and confess to respectable parents.

All the same, our Bohemianism has its charms. Enjoy all the privileges of both castes. We are setting a new style in Bohemia that may lack glamor but is vastly more comfortable. I don't believe we own a single poet who holds his undervest together with safety pins. The last one of the tribe we know went and married a castle and three hundred a month, home cooking, and three clean shirts a week. And another got himself adopted by an elderly millionairess who even buys his ties.

Voice Culture.

ONE of the often enacted tragedies in our midst is the young woman who has been assured that, with expensive training, she will have a marvelous voice. Many a nice mediocre damsel finds her life wrecked by this means. Of course the vocal teacher who would frankly tell his patrons that they had no voice and any money expended thereon would be wasted, would be a fool, but the other extreme is criminal.

Most of us know dozens of young women with very ordinary voices who confidently expect to reign as grand opera prima donnas in the near future. They take a course of lessons here, and their families are usually persuaded against their better judgment to stand for an expensive tour to New York and Germany—where the local teacher has a business arrangement with some European famed teacher.

If the training were not so expensive the crime would not be so great, but many of these young women and their vastly-fed ambitions cause real sacrifice to the family exchequer, with nothing but failure and humiliation at the end. They sink into oblivion under a cloud of ridicule, broken-hearted. Yet they were quite justified in view of the lavish praise and eulogy

their original teacher vouchsafed them. And regard themselves as unappreciated geniuses in a cruel world.

Decayed Merchants.

THERE is a society for Decayed Merchants. We have heard of societies for decayed gentlewomen, for supernuated actors, for worn out clerks—but merchants—there is something utterly incongruous in the title. The very word "merchant" reeks of affluence and business acumen.

But oh, one knows what sort of men those decayed merchants are. The men, probably, who bragged of their conservatism, who despised newfangled notions, who tried to do everything themselves, never believing that an expert employee could do better. Men who always complained of their employees, if any, and never gave them credit for any enterprise or shrewdness. Suspicious men, who confused suspicion with shrewdness.

A lot of people do that. They flatter themselves that by thinking the worst of people, they are never caught off their guard. But the suspicious man handicaps himself at every turn. Shrewdness is a very different thing. Half the time it is being shrewd enough to trust the right people, to stand aside one's self when a better man can do it. The suspicious man misses a hundred good opportunities which faith and enthusiasm alone would have brought to success. The suspicious man always wants to run everything himself and so must keep his enterprises small enough for his limited capacity. A man who takes rivalry with resentment, instead of regarding it as a sporting spur to his activities. A man who suspects the whole world of persecuting him, never pausing to think what he does to the world.

Some of these decayed merchants were doubtless not suspicious enough, an over-supply of optimism unbacked by wisdom. Or perhaps they were cowards, lacking the courage to cut their losses. He who has learned to cut a quick loss with decision, to wipe out a mistake and leave it behind him, has gone far toward learning the secret of success.

Los Angeles Times

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

CLEANSING PROBLEMS.

Removal of Grease.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] Grease spots, such as soup, gravy, cream, butter, etc., introduce oftentimes a color element, and most often dirt, which has been unconsciously gathered and has adhered to the fiber. Some grease removing agents will harm color. These are ammonia, ether and sometimes chloroform. If to prevent wetting the material it seems wise to use either of these chemicals, they should be tested by a sample or on some hidden part of the garment to find out if they affect the color. Testing is the only sure way of knowing. Grease is also soluble in naphtha and gasoline. These two latter agents always should be used in the open air, never in connection with any kind of a flame, for they are inflammable.

The Grease Ring.

One is often troubled with rings showing after removing grease stains. These rings can be prevented to a certain extent by the constant rubbing to avoid the chemical spreading and to cause rapid drying. If the chemical is allowed to spread or is not dried quickly it will carry with it the grease and the dirt and make a dark ring. Sometimes it is necessary to dip the whole garment in the gasoline and naphtha, after removing the spot. This usually prevents all troubles from rings.

If one fears the grease ring and also fears the fading of the color, starch, magnesia or fuller's earth may be applied to the spot, allowed to remain for a few hours to give it ample time to absorb the grease and then with a soft brush or a soft cloth the absorbing material may be brushed away. This brushing should be very light, because the powder has absorbed some or all of the grease and will leave its mark if pressed into the fiber.

A second application very often finishes the work successfully. When benzine or ether, alcohol or chloroform do not affect the color, they might be mixed into a paste with starch, magnesia or fuller's earth and this paste spread on the spot. This is a double action, the liquid dissolving and the absorbing material absorbing as fast as the grease is dissolved.

ORANGE AND LEMON RINDS.

How to Prepare Flavoring.

[Dallas News:] When using either lemons or oranges in a way that does not call for the rind, pare it off carefully and put it through a meat chopper, using the finest knife, then dry it, bottle it and use it for flavoring when there is not time to grate a lemon, or whenever there are neither fresh oranges nor lemons. The two preparations should, of course, be kept separate.

Put the grated rind in sugar, and when the sugar has absorbed enough of the oil of the first skin to make it moist, it is ready to be used as a flavoring for fruits and cakes.

Only granulated sugar should be used, and care should be taken in preparing the fruit, so as to cut none of the bitter white. Unless the sugar is bottled, the fruit juice will be absorbed by the atmosphere.

The sugar makes delicious candy, cake, icing and flavoring. The bits of rind give a splendid flavor to pudding sauces.

Dried orange peel allowed to smoulder on a red-hot iron will kill a bad odor in a room and leave a fragrant one behind.

The rinds of the fruit can be candied. Orange straws are delicious. They make a delightful addition to the Christmas candies. First soak peel in brine four days, changing the water as it becomes bitter.

When the bitterness has been removed rinse them in clear water and boil until they are tender. Make a syrup of one and one-half pounds loaf sugar and a half pint of water. Stir in the orange peel and boil until the syrup will hair when dropped from a spoon. Drain in a sieve, powder with loaf sugar, dry in the oven, leaving the door open.

There are several other uses for these materials. The housewife who experiments can be making discoveries all the time. Some housewives may not know a little secret of our grandmothers—lemons placed in a jar of water will keep for a long time. The water should be changed every week unless the jar is sealed. A lemon which is heated before using will be almost twice as juicy.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Handles for Scrubbing Brushes.

[Farm and Fireside:] To lighten a hard task, put a handle on the scrubbing-brush. Make a socket of light metal, having the latter two and one-half inches smaller all around than the top of the brush. On both sides of the metal, one-third in from one end, make a crosswise cut, so that the shorter section can be turned around into a socket for the handle. Turn the socket up, and fasten the flat part of the metal to the scrubbing-brush with screws. To add strength, put an extra piece of iron around the ferrule part, and fasten to the brush top. Insert an old broom handle in the ferrule and fasten with screws. Scrubbing can be done in a standing position in this device, instead of stooping. The brush is also good for side walls and ceilings.

Handy Cake Box.

Take a tight box and remove one side. Make a board which fits exactly on inside. Turn your cake out on it with a greased paper under it, and after icing it put the box over it, then you have your cake put away without moving it. Cover the box with paper or fix it in any way to match your kitchen. Put a ring or handle on top to lift lid.

CARE OF BABY.

An Ideal for the Crib.

[Ladies' World:] It is often necessary, and more often convenient, to be able to move the crib from one room to another without disturbing the baby. Casters sometimes squeak and few can be rolled over rugs successfully. Any hardware store can supply small rubber-tired wire wheels, with axles to fit, such as are used on go-carts and the like. A short session in the woodshed will fit them to the crib, and it can then be wheeled about easily and silently. The wheels should be about ten inches in diameter and the axles of such length that wheels and all will come within the outline of the crib, leaving no troublesome projections.

Wooden Nippers for Sterilizing.

Much time can be saved, and burned hands avoided, when sterilizing the nursing bottles and preparing the food, if wooden nippers are used. The nippers are made of wood and double-hinged with spring brass. They are long enough to reach hot bottles in the bottom of the sterilizing kettle without burning the hands even in the steam. The jaws of the nippers are curved so that they seize a bottle securely even with light pressure. Between the ends, stoppers, nipples and small articles can be readily handled. Being made of wood, the nippers do not get hot when in use, and when boiled in the kettle with the other things, they can readily be "fished out," and almost immediately are cool enough to handle.

COOKERY HINTS.

[Pittsburgh Gazette:] Summer vegetables should be cooked on same day they are gathered. Look them over and wash well, cutting out all decayed or unripe parts. Lay them, when peeled, in cold water for some time, before using. Always let water boil before putting them in and continue to boil until done.

Turnips should be peeled and boiled from forty minutes to one hour.

Beets should boil from one to two hours; then put in cold water and slip skin off.

Spinach should boil twenty minutes.

Parsnips should boil from twenty minutes to thirty minutes.

Onions are best boiled in two or three waters, adding milk the last time.

String beans should be boiled one and a half hours.

Shell beans require an hour.

Green corn should boil twenty or thirty minutes.

Green peas should be boiled in little water as possible; boil twenty minutes.

Asparagus, same as peas; serve on toast with cream gravy.

Winter squash, cut in pieces and boil twenty to forty minutes in small quantity of water; when done press water out, mash smooth, season with butter, pepper and salt.

Cabbage should be boiled from one to two hours in plenty of water; salt while boiling.

HOMECRAFT.

The Empty Candy Box.

[New York Evening Telegram:] If you have an empty half-pound candy box you can make excellent use of the cover and the box for pin trays. Line both of them inside and out and finish the outer rim with braid. The cover should then be divided off into compartments. To do this cut two little slips of cardboard just as long as the box cover is wide and just the same height, probably about two inches. Cover these two slips with chintz and place them across the width, not the length, of the box lid, far enough apart to make three separate compartments. This is to be used for different sized hairpins, while the other larger one is for combs, hair nets and all the usual things that collect on a bureau.

Smelling Salts Jars.

Attractive jars for smelling salts can be made from small, square preserving jars, covered in the chintz up to the very edge, which is surrounded by braid. Beneath the glass cover to the jar paste a piece to fit, and you will find it a very dainty jar. Similar boxes or jars can be made for almost any purpose.

The new cretonnes are particularly bright and cheery and will make your room look quite different. They are equally well suited to a country house bedroom and to a city dwelling.

CARE OF FURNITURE.

To Cover Scratches.

[Baltimore American:] To cover scratches on furniture and at the same time to collect all dust, rub with a soft cloth which has been well moistened with the following mixture. Equal parts of cider vinegar, turpentine and linseed-oil. Put the three in a bottle, shake well, and it is ready for use. It may be kept for any length of time. This is fine to use on varnished floors; it keeps them glossy and preserves the varnish.

Effect in Polishing.

Take a piece of clean cheesecloth, wrung out in cold water, and clean the surface thoroughly. Then put a few drops of crude oil on a second piece of cheesecloth wrung out in cold water and begin to polish, turning the cloth in rubbing in order to distribute the oil and prevent the wood from becoming oily. Always rub with the grain. This gives a lasting polish instead of the more brilliant polish given by cheaper polishes.

FOR THE LIVING-ROOM.

Suitable Andirons.

[New York Tribune:] Suitable andirons are not always easy to find, and frequently you see a beautiful fireplace spoiled because it has been supplied with andirons out of proportion and of an inappropriate style.

Sometimes to a luxurious big living-room is given a pair of little old time andirons which would do exactly for a cozy little Colonial bedroom, while small fireplaces are often thoughtlessly furnished with huge, heavy modern andirons.

Authorities on the subject say that brass is suitable for formal rooms, while the simpler apartments should have iron tipped with brass knobs. In a spacious hall, where the fireplace is correspondingly large, the hearth looks well if a heavy wrought iron grille with tall andirons to match is used.

To Brighten Morocco Chairs.

If the morocco chairs are very faded, apply the white of an egg to them with a small sponge. The leather will be quite revived and look almost like new.

PILES Do Not Be Cut until you have at least tried Jebb's Pile Remedy. Result from an undue accumulation of stagnant blood within the hemorrhoidal veins. Jebb's Pile Remedy dispels the impurities, placing the hemorrhoidal veins in a perfectly healthy condition. Salves, lotions, etc., may give temporary relief, but permanent results can be had only by Jebb's Specific, which purifies the blood.

RHEUMATISM bent this man nearly double. Jebb's Remedy made him straight. Your case cannot be worse. Write for Free Booklet containing this man's story. This treatment is absolutely guaranteed.

JEBB'S REMEDY CO.
300 Grosse Bldg., Los Angeles.

HEARTSEASE.

Love Flies from Demand.

[Emerson:] So far from there being anything divine in the low and proprietary Do you love me? it is only when you leave and lose me, by casting yourself on a sentiment that is higher than both of us, that I draw near, and find myself at your side; and I am repelled, if you fix your eye upon me, and demand love.

Requirement.

We live by Faith, but Faith is not the slave. Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's.

Nature's and duty's, never are at odds. What asks our Father of his children save Justice and mercy and humility.

A reasonable service of good deeds, Pure living, tenderness to human needs; Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see.

The Master's footprints in our daily ways?

No knotted scourge or sacrificial knife,

But the calm beauty of an ordered life

Whose very breathing is unworded praise!

A life that stands as all true lives have stood.

Firm-rooted in the faith—that God is good.

—[Whittier.]

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Tired and aching feet is the first warning of a broken down instep arch and flat foot. Our arch supports are made especially for fallen arches, weak ankles and feet. If your feet or limbs trouble you call and we will advise you regarding the proper treatment and appliances. We also make callous plates. Consultation and examination free.

Davis & Martin Co.
610 West 8th St.

Are You Suffering from Painful Affections of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.? Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet and many of them are no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supports are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

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How any woman or a man
Can cure disease or bring relief
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The same as when the healing art
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Consumptive cough, rheumatic pains,
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CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

Tourists, Farmers, Weather.

NO PERSON educated in the premises will dispute that California is the greatest place on earth for tourists, farmers and climate. It is very hard to suit everybody, and no two classes are harder to suit than California tourists and California farmers in the matter of weather. The tourist here at this time of the year is a fugitive from rigorous winter weather somewhere in the world, and a refugee hunting California winter sunbeams. For three full weeks his lot has been far from a happy one. In the twenty days to this writing there have not been more than three or four bright ones. One can easily imagine the tourist at some hotel, in some apartment or boarding-house, with his nose pasted against the window lugubriously watching the rain trickling down from the eaves of the houses, from the trees, and running in small rivulets in the streets.

On the contrary, the California farmer is "tickled to death" with the weather conditions prevailing since just after Christmas until past the middle of January. The rainfall to date for the current season is about two-thirds the normal for the whole season. It looks as if the current season would go beyond the normal and raise the average. Rain is the one thing that is scarcely ever superabundant in Southern California. It may come seasonably or unseasonably, in drizzles, light showers or veritable downpours, but it never comes amiss from the standpoint of the California farmer. As it is at the present moment, the promise of the year, according to the views of the California farmer, could not be improved upon. So while the tourist is decidedly "down on his luck" the farmer's face is radiant with joy in spite of the somber tint of the skies.

Well, Mr. Tourist, take things easily. It is not so bad as it might be, not half nor one-tenth so bad as it is back in those blizzard-swept plains that you call home. And then this is only a little episode in California's so-called winter, and will soon pass and the skies be radiant like yours in June. The dear God who is blessing the California farmers without any disguise is sending you a blessing in disguise. You will want a good, luscious, juicy orange before you go back to "the States," and you will want some of California's various fruits all the time after you do get back, and even here we cannot raise crops without moisture, either direct from the skies or by irrigation, and, after all, the irrigation is only an indirect application of the precipitation that comes from the skies.

Cut Down the Vandals.

WE CAN recall what Gen. John A. Dix said when, while Secretary of the Treasury, he uttered the since-famous slogan: "If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Up at Sunland is a grove of oaks that are an ornament which it has taken half a century or more to produce, and which, if removed, it would require as long to replace. It is reported that some vandal is talking of cutting down these magnificent evergreen oaks, and one feels like repeating Gen. Dix's command about the flag. The plea "woodman, spare that tree," is entirely too mild. Really, speaking with all soberness and truth, it would be a felony in the eyes of all patriotic Californians, whatever the law says on the subject, to remove one of these trees.

A California Idea.

CALIFORNIANS are people who for the most part were born elsewhere and are exotic on this soil under these skies. This being so, they are free from the obsession of tradition that clogs the minds of most people who have never got more than a mile from the barnyard of the farm where they were born. Californians have had the angles rubbed off of them by attrition with other Californians, and metaphorically speaking the skin of their back has been loosened up by various experiences. This is not altogether an unmixed blessing, for it makes some of us a little too "progressive," a little too radical, in our sentiments and disposition. But neither is it an unmixed disadvantage, and really it seems as if the ad-

vantages outweighed the disadvantages a good many per cent.

These "advanced" sentiments that guide Californians so much are seen in many ways, some little, others great. It is manifested here in Los Angeles, the ever-advancing city, in many advanced ways that are really helpful and, in a way, charming. Did anyone ever see a city more romantically poetical in the construction of its homes than this city, the very flower of modern civilization as it is? From the modest cottage or bungalow to the palatial mansion there is an exquisite charm about the homes of thousands of Angelenos. The bungalow court is one of the best ideas sprung here, and which flourishes marvelously. Any one who has ever seen one of these bungalow courts with habitations for from half a dozen to a score of families, can only escape their charm by being a person without a particle of taste. The bungalows are usually of a fascinating type of architecture, and the grounds around them are adorned with a floral beauty that adds to the charm of the houses a hundredfold. Get inside of one of these doll dwellings and the charm will still cling to them as the odor to the vase where the rose has been.

Big Things, New Country.

IT WAS only the other day, historically speaking, that all the Imperial Valley country was a waste howling wilderness, the habitation of the horned toad, the rattlesnake, the coyote and the owl. Was there ever such a change wrought in so short a time as that which has transformed this wilderness into a garden spot dotted with many promising cities, covered with miles of orchards, fertile meadow, vineyards and stock ranches? In less than ten years this transformation has been wrought, the extent of which is evident by the recent transfer of industrial property down in the valley involving a value of \$1,500,000. Another signpost of this great change is in an auction sale held down there the other day by which the Southern Pacific transferred to local interests property worth away over \$1,000,000. We are accustomed to big things in California, so that transactions like these are only ripples on the surface of the financial sea.

Just What We Want.

A GREAT index finger pointing to the future was lifted the other day when the Southern California Iron and Steel Company at Fourth and Mateo streets blew in a thirty-ton open-hearth oil-burning steel furnace. This monster furnace cost more than \$45,000, and is the largest in the West. It demonstrates the entire practicability of making steel bars and ingots on this Coast for manufacturing and structural purposes. This was tried several years ago, but found impracticable because of the high cost of transportation of raw materials. It has been known for years that California contains iron ore and other minerals necessary for the production of the highest grade of steel ingots. Less than a year ago the Southern California Iron and Steel Company blew in a fifteen-ton open-hearth furnace as an experiment. It proved so successful that the extension noted above is a result. This local furnace is lined with California magnesite, the first time in the history of the steel industry. Dolomite, another hitherto imported mineral, has been found in abundance within 150 miles of the city. The pig iron used in the making of steel here is imported from China at present. This is not likely to last long, as there is an abundance of iron ore found in Southern California.

Go Ahead Full Speed.

THE regents of the University of California have been working for some months on plans looking to the opening of a citrus experiment station on a site secured some time ago near Riverside. That beautiful city is the cradle of the citrus industry of California in a large commercial way. Architects have been working on the plans for some time, and the other day they were accepted by the board of regents. The plans for the new station call for the expenditure of \$125,000. Work on the station, it is said, will be started not later than March 1. Orange growing is really a science requiring high intelligence, close application and lots of experience. Many people have the nat-

ural intelligence and the capability for application, but experience is a thing that must take time. This is what this experiment station is to do for the orange growers by trying various methods to work out experience that may be acquired in a few days or at most in a few months. The tax on the soils in producing a carload of oranges to the acre is about as trying a process as soils usually undergo. The waste or exhaustion of these soils must be made up by artificial fertilizing, and this is the work which the officials at the station are to do. There is also a further work in determining the best varieties of oranges to be planted in different localities, and the developing of a hardier stock capable of resisting the slight frosts that sometimes fall, even in Southern California.

Transplanted, Will Grow.

THE Dix family have belonged to New York so long that they might be taken to be indigenous. Mr. and Mrs. John Alden Dix of New York are visiting Montecito, near Santa Barbara, as winter tourists. Mr. Dix was Governor of New York in 1910 and 1911. This transplanting to Santa Barbara is likely to become permanent, for how can people of such high intelligence and admirable taste resist the attractions of this aristocratic suburb of beautiful Santa Barbara?

Leon Corey Riggs is also a New Yorker, proprietor and manager of the Riggs restaurants in Gotham. Recently he is reported to have purchased some of the choicest orange groves in the Victoria district of Riverside. The report runs that he has paid \$75,000 in cash for these properties. They comprise fifty acres, with a frontage of half a mile on Victoria avenue. They were secured from seven separate original owners. The report runs that he is to erect a beautiful mansion on the highest part of the property, "an eminence commanding a sweeping view in every direction." This is another transplantation sure to grow and flourish in beautiful Riverside. Montecito, an adjunct of Santa Barbara, and the Victoria district of Riverside constitute friendly but lively rivals for admiration on the part of people of taste with money to acquire a home in one of these beautiful districts.

To be a Noteworthy Gathering.

JUNE 17 to 23 of next summer are the dates set for the thirty-third triennial conclave of the grand encampment of Knights Templars of the United States. It is announced that it will take a hundred trains to bring the members of this meeting to Los Angeles. It is one of the most important conventions of the entire year. The representatives of the Knights Templars at this conclave will come from all parts of the United States, from Canada and from England. It is needless to say that they are a body of distinguished men as the world contains. They are representative in their own homes of everything that is intelligent and refined, not to say "classy." They are the principal men in all financial and business affairs of their communities. They are bankers, railroad men, presidents of great industrial corporations or, if not, then holding some lower offices. It goes without saying that they will be well treated by the people of the city, and by all brother Masons in the country around.

Farmers Busy.

LAST year was a great one for Southern California farmers. Rains were abundant, frosts unknown, torrid summer heat absent. The crops all grew with amazing luxuriance, yielding abundant returns for the farmers' toil. The demand for everything grown in California was brisk and prices good, adding to the bank account of every follower of Adam's profession in the district. In spite of the abundant crops, the stocks were about all cleaned up and the farmers are busier than bees and ants preparing the ground for new seedling, or cultivating patches already seeded. The seedmen are the barometer that measures the activity on the part of the farmers, and they say that never before has there been such a demand for seed of various kinds. Potato planting began in December, making new potatoes obtainable by everybody in the country by the time March days come

On the Palo Verde rancho, near San Pedro, the report runs that 200 acres have been seeded to early potatoes. This venture ought to succeed well, for it is virgin soil for this crop, and potatoes exhaust soil very rapidly. When the war broke out in Europe The Times market reporter discovered a sensational piece of news in the gobbling up of all the garlic in Southern California by German buyers before England got her blockade in order. They are planting garlic in abundance this spring. Oats are another valuable crop which they are sowing in an abundance of, the area promising to be a third larger than all previous records.

Well, nature is doing her share. The ground is soaked with moisture and in the most admirable condition for planting. As has been said before in this department of the Illustrated Weekly Magazine, the war in Europe is sure to continue at least until too late for getting in crops in Europe, and the demand from that quarter will be just as great as it was last year.

Notes of Progress.

THE people of Ocean Park are after a branch library, trying to induce Andrew Carnegie to give \$10,000 or \$15,000 for the purpose.

Plans are on foot at San Bernardino for the construction of a fine two-story block to cost about \$30,000.

A lemon grove of thirteen acres near Oxnard is reported sold to a San Franciscan for \$625 an acre.

A physician from San Luis Obispo has purchased a sixty-acre tract of beet land from the Patterson Ranch Company for \$285 an acre.

Riverside city officials were entertained as guests at Palm Springs on January 15 to celebrate the completion of the Banning-Palm Springs section of the Oceano-Ocean Highway.

A seventy-acre alfalfa ranch in Glen Avon Valley, west of Riverside, has been bought by people from Los Angeles at a cost of \$60,000.

Angela Mesa, a suburb just outside the city limits of Los Angeles, adjacent to the West Adams district, had a noisy and pleasant time the other evening in a torchlight procession to celebrate the successful culmination of the campaign for a new lighting system costing \$15,000.

Chief Forester Du Bois of San Francisco has been in Los Angeles planning the surveying of building sites in various canyons in the forest reserve for the benefit of Los Angeles people.

At the Los Angeles harbor an important real estate sale is reported transferring a brick block at \$34,000 and a bunch of lots at \$26,000.

P. J. Dreher, manager of the San Antonio Fruit Exchange, estimates the citrus crop of the Pomona Valley at 4000 cars of oranges and 200 of lemons.

The long-continued showery weather checked the shipping of oranges. This is not an entirely regrettable affair. Those who have oranges in the eastern markets are getting good prices, and meantime the crop is becoming much improved for food. Besides, the northern oranges are getting out of the way and the Florida crop is being thinned out, leaving the markets open to Southern California fruit.

A Royal "Miracle."

[Pearsons:] The King of Italy has been responsible for one of the most extraordinary occurrences of the war. His Majesty has been constant in his visits to the wounded soldiers, and one day he arrived quite unexpectedly at a certain field hospital.

Among the patients there was a young lieutenant who had been stricken quite dumb by the bursting of an Austrian shell. The poor fellow was lying in bed feeling very miserable, when, all of a sudden, he glanced up and found the King standing by his side.

In a moment he stared up in amazement at the unexpected honor, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"His Majesty the King!" and burst into a flood of tears.

The emotional shock, coming as it did, so unexpectedly, had completely restored his power of speech, and even the King himself was overcome by emotion at this extraordinary miracle.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.” BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

[Saturday, January 22, 1916.]

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Cold Air, Cool Air, and Fresh Air.

HEALTH fads are usually dangerous, largely because, being fads, they are carried to extremes by the confirmed fad-chasers. The votaries of the “fresh-air” fad, for example, who regard sleeping in the open, regardless of temperature conditions or state of bodily health, as a panacea for all ills are usually not the best examples of physical perfection. These persons fall into the error of considering fresh air and cold air as synonymous terms, when, from a hygienic standpoint, there is frequently a marked distinction.

Beyond question cool, fresh air is always beneficial; but cold fresh air is distinctly harmful, in certain diseased conditions. Thus, according to Prof. John Lovett Morse of the Harvard Medical School: “In the early stages of acute nasopharyngitis (popularly known as ‘cold and sore throat’) cold air increases the irritation of the mucous membrane and consequently the symptoms; but in the later stages, when the mucous membrane is swollen, it relieves the discomfort to a certain extent. Cold air predisposes to affections of the ears. Fresh air is of advantage. Children with acute nasopharyngitis should, therefore, be kept in the house in cold weather, in well-ventilated rooms at a temperature of about 60 F. if they are in bed, and between 65 F. and 68 F. if they are out of bed.”

Harmful Effects of Cold Air.

Prof. Morse points out that in the early stages of acute sore throat cold air is distinctly harmful. In acute laryngitis also, where there is hoarseness and pain lower down in the throat, cold increases the symptoms very materially. In the later stages “cold air is not indicated, but does no harm. Patients are more comfortable when the air is moist than when it is dry. Children with acute laryngitis should, therefore, be kept in well-ventilated rooms, at a temperature of about 70 F., the air being kept moist.

In the early stages of acute bronchitis cold air increases the cough and the sense of contraction of the chest and of the heat under the sternum. The cough is less troublesome when the air is moist than when it is dry. Children in the early stages of acute bronchitis should, therefore, be kept in well-ventilated rooms at a temperature of from 60 F. to 70 F. with the air moistened. During the later stages cold air ceases to act as an irritant, but there is no apparent advantage in cold air over air which is warmed. Moisture is of no importance, because the mucous membrane of the bronchi is already moist. The temperature of the room is of less importance at this time. During the later stages of bronchitis they should, therefore, be kept in well-ventilated rooms in which the temperature of the air is moderate, but not cold.”

This does not apply to cases in which the lung substance itself is involved, however, such as pneumonia and tuberculosis. In such cases cold air is comforting and, in the case of tuberculosis at least, beneficial. So it seems pretty clearly established that in acute diseases of the upper air passages, including the bronchial tubes, cold air is harmful, while diseases of the lungs are benefited by it.

Coffee and Metabolism.

Coffee is one of the substances which affords perennial source of contention among food purveyors. Those who have coffee to sell maintain that it is a useful food, while those who have a substitute to market contend that the coffee bean is a near relative to a deadly poison. Meanwhile the physiologists have added considerably to the puzzle by disagreeing among themselves as to the exact systemic effects of coffee and its active alkaloid, caffeine.

For many years it was believed that coffee had a distinct effect upon the chemical changes in the body whereby the function of nutrition, called metabolism, is effected. It was thought that coffee retarded the breaking-down process in the tissues. Later a precisely opposite view was entertained. Recently it has been determined, by accu-

rate scientific methods unknown to the older investigators, that “the ingestion of decoctions of coffee, chicory and caffeine-free coffee, and of caffeine itself,” has no effect whatever upon metabolism.

“Coffee,” says the Journal of the American Medical Association, “is one of those dietary adjuncts which modern men has employed, like tea, alcohol, tobacco—and perhaps one ought to add the ubiquitous chewing gum—presumably to increase the pleasure of his existence quite independently of any need which they might serve in the organism. The demand for all these products is created by an artificial appetite. Purveyors of the various articles of commerce have expended considerable effort and money to indicate on billboards and in other advertising spaces wherein the human mechanism is benefited and life made worth living by some particular brand of cigarette, whisky, tea, coffee, etc. There has at length arisen an amusing competition in which alcohol-free beverages, deannulated or decaffinated coffee, and even nicotine-free tobacco are extolled for the supposed advantages without the alleged defects of the respective products concerned.”

Ants and Eczema.

It has been suspected for some time that some cases of eczema may be caused by an excess of formic acid excreted by the skin. The following experience, given by the correspondent of a leading medical journal, offers confirmatory evidence of this action of formic acid.

“One summer,” says the writer, “noticing that some of the dahlias in my garden failed to grow well, I went literally to the root of the matter and found there the troublesome insect, *Aphis radicis* with *Formica flava*, the yellow ant, encouraging its depredations. I crushed numbers of the ants with my fingers, noticing at the time the pungent odor which they emitted, which was of course due to formic acid, especially abundant in this species.

“At about this time my hands began to present symptoms of eczema—itching (much aggravated after the taking of salted food) and formation of vesicles, with subsequent thickening and cracking of the skin. I did not associate these symptoms with the handling of ants until they had recurred under the same circumstances for several seasons. I now avoid the annual attack of pseudo-eczema by avoiding the yellow ants.”

“The facts appear to me to suggest the dependence of genuine cases of eczema on the presence of formic acid, since this acid has been detected by various chemists in the perspiration.”

Exercise and Nasal Breathing.

It is contended by many, since breathing through the nose is the proper way to inhale and exhale under ordinary circumstances, that this is the only method of respiration to be used even during violent muscular exercises. The Danish athlete, Lieut. Muller, whose little book, “My System,” ranks first as a popular exposition of home gymnastics, takes exception to this hard-and-fast rule about nasal breathing.

“The only exceptions I should allow myself,” says Lieut. Muller, “are when swimming—inhaling through the mouth, exhaling through the nose under water; and when sprinting—inhaling and exhaling through the mouth. Inhaling through the nose and exhaling through the mouth—as is often recommended, is not good, and, especially in cold weather, will be found to be rather disagreeable, because the warm, exhaled air is required for the purpose of warming the mucous membrane of the nose, which has been considerably cooled by the constant introduction of cold air. If it be found impossible to get a sufficiency of air through the nostrils, a visit to the doctor is to be recommended, as, most likely, the trouble may be caused by the presence of adenoid growths, in which case they should be removed, the operation being very easily performed, and not at all dangerous.”

Rubbing and Muscular Development.

One of the most important features of Lieut. Muller’s system of muscular development is that the instinctive necessity of re-

ment is rubbing. Offhand one does not think of self-massage as an effective means of muscular development. But Lieut. Muller contends that it is; and anyone may demonstrate for himself that it can be made a violent exercise by a very few moments of vigorous experiment. “Rubbing exercises,” says Lieut. Muller, “are scientific gymnastic movements, combined with a stroking of the skin, whereby the entire surface of the body by degrees gets thoroughly and systematically polished.”

The rubbing is done with the palms of the hands, and to begin with should be merely simple friction, or stroking, of the skin; but, later on, as one’s strength increases, it should be so vigorous that it becomes a sort of massage, if not for the internal muscles more removed from the surface, at any rate for the thousands of small muscles connected with the vessels of the skin, which are strengthened and developed more in this manner than by any other mode of procedure whatever. The limbs, on the whole, get rubbed more toward the body than away from the body; and it should be remembered that more strength should be exerted when rubbing toward the body. If the skin be inclined to chafe, it is a good plan to rub a little vaseline, lanoline or other emollient on the sensitive parts to begin with, until the skin and hair roots have become stronger.

The usual result of these exercises, when performed for some time, is that the skin becomes healthy and beautiful, firm and elastic, yet smooth and soft as velvet, and free from pimples, blotches, spots and other disfigurements. In addition, these exercises impart a handsome shape to the hands and roundness and graceful symmetry to the arms and breast.

The time required for taking this invigorating exercise, as advocated by Lieut. Muller, is about five minutes.

Proper Temperature of Foods.

The question is often raised as to the proper temperature at which food and drink should be taken. Americans probably consume more food and drink at very low temperatures than any nation, and seem to be somewhat more afflicted with stomach and intestinal disorders.

Gautier, the French physiologist, makes the following suggestion about proper food temperatures: As a rule foods ought to be taken warm and drinks cool. But drinks need not be icy or foods burning. Too much cold or heat causes the cracking of the enamel of the teeth, which slowly decay. Drinks which are too cold end by weakening the stomach by the constant stimulation they give. They may besides disagree, and many visceral rheumatisms, which are not due to any other cause, disappear when tepid or warm drinks are substituted for icy or even cold drinks.

As for solid foods consumed cold, they only agree with vigorous stomachs. Again warm meals are always better than cold. Foods taken at too high a temperature are not to be recommended in any case. Kostjurin made some experiments on this subject in animals and man, from which it follows that all foods reaching the stomach at temperature higher than 122 F. occasion uneasiness, hyperemia of the mucous membranes, hinder the production of the digestive juices and compromise the efficiency of their ferments. The stomachs of rabbits and dogs which have received water at 140 F. even when it is followed immediately by a dose of cold water, are inflamed, infiltrated and sometimes ulcerated in places.

Rules for Food Temperatures.

The most appropriate temperatures for taking different foods are the following: Drinking water, 48-54 F.; soups, 104-122 F.; roasted meats, 104-120 F.; coffee, tea, 115-122 F.

It is advisable that one dish, at least, per meal be taken warm, and soup for preference. An entirely cold meal is a condition unfavorable for the liquefaction of the gelatines, fats, etc., or for bringing about their emulsification and good digestion. Cold meals should at all events be accompanied by a warm beverage, such as tea or coffee. It is

warming a stomach which only receives cold foods leads, or may lead, the workman who is often obliged to eat cold things, to the abuse of alcoholic drinks.

It follows, therefore, that persons who indulge in the American habit of eating a sandwich and a piece of pie for lunch had better add the warming element of coffee, tea or chocolate.

No Nervous Strain.

[Life:] Crawford: The elephant sleeps only five hours out of every twenty-four.

Crabshaw: Very true; but just stop and consider that the elephant doesn’t have to attend lectures, or the opera, or listen to sermons or war talks, or lend an ear to some fellow’s description of his newest baby or car, and you will realize that he has a pretty soft time of it, taken all in all.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor *Times Health Dept.*, still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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TRANSPORTATION OF FISH FROM ALASKA.

International Complications. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Short Cut to Market.

PRINCE RUPERT VERSUS KETCHIKAN AND SEATTLE—OUR BIG HALIBUT INDUSTRY. HOW THE FISH ARE CAUGHT AND SHIPPED—LINES SIXTY MILES LONG WITH HUNDREDS OF HOOKS—SHELLFISH OF ALASKA; CLAMS AS BIG AS SAUCERS AND CRABS LIKE DINNER PLATES—WHITE AND RED SALMON.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PRINCE RUPERT (B. C.)—I have come from Alaska to British Columbia to write of an international complication regarding the placing of Alaskan halibut and salmon on the breakfast tables of the people of the United States. This business has been rapidly growing. The fish have been caught in Alaskan waters, put upon ice and brought to Ketchikan, from where they were shipped to Seattle. At Seattle they were put into cold storage cars and sent over the American railroads to the markets.

Now the Canadians have established a new fishing port at Prince Rupert, B. C. This port is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It is 600 miles nearer the fishing grounds than Puget Sound, and it is claimed that fish from our Alaskan waters can be landed there and be transported through Canada to our cities two days sooner than when shipped via Seattle. This means that, if other conditions are equal, most of the fresh fish caught in Alaskan waters for shipment to the East will be shipped from Prince Rupert, and that it will become the headquarters of the Alaskan fishing industry. Our fishermen will come here to live, and they will buy their fishing supplies from the Canadian stores. In other words, the Canadians, rather than

the Alaskan Americans, will get the chief profits out of the business.

In order to bring this about the Canadian Parliament has recently passed laws enabling American fishermen and American vessels to land their cargoes at Prince Rupert free of all duties, and to send them in bond over their railroad through Canada on the way to our markets. The citizens of Prince Rupert are doing all they can to encourage the industry, and as a result the people of Southeastern Alaska are greatly excited. The town council of Ketchikan and its commercial club have requested Secretary Redfield of our Department of Commerce to give them protection, and bills to that end will probably be introduced into Congress this session. The Alaskans demand that all fish caught in Alaskan waters, if shipped free of duty to the United States markets, shall be sent out from American ports, and they say the Canadian railroads which carry the fish can easily send boats to Ketchikan, which is only half a day away, for their cargoes.

Rapidly Growing Young Town.

From what I see here, the fears of the Alaskans seem well founded. Prince Rupert is the baby port of the Northern Pacific, but it has already become one of the fishing centers of this part of the world. Nevertheless, the town is only 6 years of age, and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which connects it with the East, has just begun to run its through cars. The place already has more than \$5,000,000 invested in its fisheries, and included in that amount are thirty-five canneries and seven large cold storage plants. Prince Rupert has hundreds of sailing vessels that are now going back and forth to and from our fishing grounds. It has ninety-nine gasoline launches used for

the same purpose, and forty-one fishing vessels moved by steam. There are about fifty American boats that land cargoes of fish here every week, and each train that goes eastward over the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway carries carloads of fresh fish to the cities of the United States. More than a quarter of a million pounds of halibut were recently sent to New York and Boston in a single train load, and over 200,000,000 pounds of that fish have been landed here in one year. The fish are packed in ice the moment they are taken from the sea, and are kept in cold storage cars until they reach the market, which is less than two weeks from the time they leave the hook. I am told that fish can be kept perfectly fresh for a month by the present methods of catching and packing.

The most of the fresh fish shipped in this way are halibut, which are caught throughout the year. Fresh salmon are sent only during the months of the summer, when the salmon are running. They are exported in a frozen state from the cold storage plants throughout the winter. The exports of Alaskan halibut are rapidly increasing. It used to be that all the fish of this kind consumed in our markets came from the Atlantic Ocean. Eighty-five per cent. of it now comes from the Pacific Ocean, and the bulk from the fishing banks off the Coast of Alaska. Alaskan halibut is now used in almost every part of the United States.

The fishing center of the territory is still Ketchikan and there are also fleets that make their headquarters at Petersburg, Juneau and elsewhere. The extent of the fishing grounds is enormous. There are some banks that seem to be paved with halibut, and the vessels bring them in by the thousands of pounds. A single party has been known to catch 100,000 pounds in

a day, and 50,000 pounds a day is not unusual. Not long ago one of the boats that went out from Ketchikan brought in more than a quarter of a million pounds of fish. The whole cargo had been caught in one week, and every pound of it had been taken with a hook and line.

The Halibut Industry.

I have become greatly interested in the halibut industry during my stay in Alaska. The fish is one of the most interesting that swims the seas. It is the largest of the flat fishes. I have seen many which, if stood upon their tails, would reach high above my head, and some which I venture are over three feet in width. The average halibut weighs about 100 pounds, and some have been caught that may weigh as much as 300.

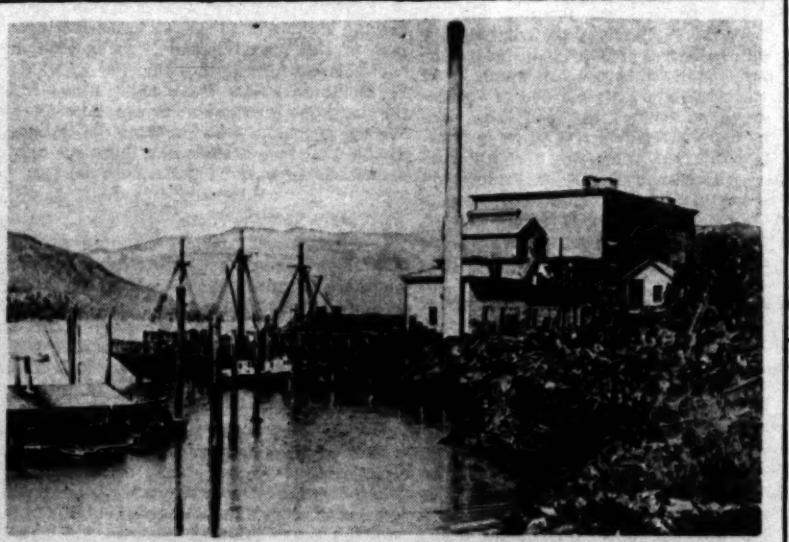
The halibut swims on the bottom of the sea, and chiefly on banks, several hundred feet below the surface. It devours all sorts of fishes. One of its favorite foods is the herring, which is caught here in great quantities and frozen that it may be kept and used for bait.

The herring are found in nearly all the waters of Alaska. They move about in large schools, some of which cover several square miles. Twice a year they swim to the shores to spawn. They come by the millions, and in such large schools that they can be scooped up from the water right into the boats. Last year a great haul was made along the face of the dock of the New England Fish Company at Ketchikan. One end of the net was made fast to the wharf, and the herring were dragged out by the thousands. At that same time more than 2000 barrels of herring were taken out by four seines in the Tongas Narrows.

One way of catching these fish is by driv-



Halibut on Prince Rupert wharves.



Cold storage plant for halibut and salmon at Prince Rupert.



Herring found in Alaskan waters and kept for halibut bait.



A 150 pound halibut caught near Ketchikan.

ing nails into a board so that they stick out several inches. The boards are then dragged through the shoals and the fish catch between the nails and are pulled by the boardful into the boats. In one year more than 1,000,000 pounds of herring were caught at Prince Rupert and frozen by the cold storage plants to be sold for bait. Something like 125,000 pounds of codfish are annually taken for the same purpose.

The most of the halibut are caught with the hook and line. The fishing, however, has nothing gamey or sporting about it. The lines are dropped down into the sea in such a way that the baited hooks rest on the bed of the ocean. The lines are of great length. Some of them are sixty miles long, so long that when loaded with fish it takes the steam engine on the fishing vessel the better part of a day to wind them up. They are divided into sections, each section having a float or buoy that rests on the surface, and is marked by a flag in the daytime, and at night by a light. The lines lie right on the bed of the sea. Attached to it are hundreds of hooks and each hook is baited. The halibut swallows the bait and is caught on the hook and held there until the line is drawn up. These fish always feed on or close to the bed of the ocean.

An Ugly Rumor Demed. By M. V. Harran.

MR. BLASTOPHAGA AND LADY FIG BLOSSOM.

[Saturday, January 22, 1916.]

Illustrated Weekly.

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Braunton.

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA the sun shines so continuously and the climate is so equable, especially in temperature, that one may get about the garden nearly every day in the year. With the reinforcement of a garden house, such as is here illustrated, there is no day so disagreeable that one cannot sit out of doors under a shelter of this kind. Such a garden house would not seriously tax the ingenuity of anyone in the building thereof, and a vine or two would soon hide any imperfections left by the amateur builder. In a land where eucalypts are quite common there should be no dearth of suitable material.

Small Beginnings.

EVERY movement must have a beginning, but the success of some is so nearly instantaneous that we scarcely realize a small beginning could have been recorded. All civic reforms have small beginnings, to use a phrase sanctioned by custom. The school garden movement had a hard struggle in Los Angeles for the first two years; so had playgrounds, yet what notable success both have achieved.

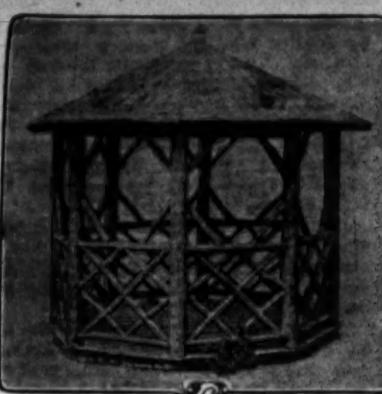
The one particular hobby of the present writer is municipal control of street trees and in watching this phase of civic beautifying it has been noted that all successful efforts met with a feeble response at the outset. It is now more than a dozen years since the writer aided in introducing a compulsory street-tree ordinance in Pomona, the pioneer work of its kind in Southern California, and considering the start the city had in that respect none has made a more rapid or substantial advance.

To be sure, Riverside has become more noted in this line of improvement, but Riverside had a far better start. She had many streets of many miles of grand old trees before municipal control came about. In addition she had J. H. Reed, and readers of this department, unless newcomers, do not need to be told that the success of the movement was largely due to his energy and enthusiasm. Still back of him, more than twenty years ago, C. M. Loring, "father of the Minneapolis park system," planted streets with uniform rows of poplars and other trees. Others did good work also, but this grand old team, now several years past fourscore in age, accomplished so much good that the names of Reed and Loring will long be remembered as able pioneers in the making of Riverside the city beautiful.

To return to Pomona (figuratively,) when the writer first went there to confer with the City Trustees there was but one street heavily planted with trees, and that one (Hoit avenue) was not well or uniformly planted.

The movement had its ups and downs, yet the idea once firmly launched never quite died out and though taking an occasional nap it also had an occasional spurt of activity. But a leader was needed and when J. M. Paige took charge of parks and street trees he brought to the task a supply of enthusiasm that no amount of discouragement could exhaust. The work of Mr. Paige has not been spectacular, nor noised abroad. A graduate of the noted Shaw Gardens at St. Louis, he came with a splendid practical experience upon which to build for the beautifying of Pomona, so that the humble beginning of a dozen years ago is bearing splendid fruit, and few cities may justly lay claim to so much beauty in park and parkway as progressive Pomona.

Some work has been done in Redlands and elsewhere; some close at hand, as the splendid advance of street planting in Pasadena will attest, but we wish to return for a brief moment to reiterate that home should



RUSTIC GARDEN HOUSE.

be discouraged by the smallness of such movements at the outset. A mere half-dozen usually carry on the fight for the first year. In every town there are a few of taste and purpose who will take the helm. To thoroughly arouse public interest is a long and arduous task. Make a beginning. Results will attract attention and gain support. It was Gladstone who said: "One example is worth a thousand arguments." Organize, interest the local press, interest this department, your efforts and progress will cheerfully be given place and encouragement in these columns. Every year of the past decade Mr. Reed has written thanks for substantial aid given "Reed and Riverside" in city beautification. In a very recent letter, in reviewing the progress of street planting in Riverside, he writes: "I remember very distinctly the very efficient aid I received through the City Beautiful Department of The Times." Let us hear of your work, no matter how humble or how small the community—aid and encouragement will be extended alike to all.

The Handsome Heaths.

DO NOT be afraid to purchase potted heaths now in flower through fear of having them for a season only, for if planted in the garden you may have them for aye. In any ordinary soil, in sun or shade, they appear at home and it is a wonder that more are not grown, for they are not new, neither have they ever been scarce in local plant depots. Both foliage and flowers keep well in the house and when in full bloom the dainty little pink bells make as fine a vase plant as any small-flowered shrub grown.

Plant Anemones.

NOT the bulbous kind, however, is here meant. The herbaceous sorts known as *Anemone Japonica*, or Japanese wind-flower, grow from two to four feet high, occasionally higher, and are at all times much more beautiful than the bulbous sorts. They are shade-loving plants and thrive even in cold, dark, uninviting corners; where they will bear a crop of flowers in autumn that is not surpassed in simple beauty by any other inmate of the garden. The flowers are only to be found in white and varying shades of pink. They may be planted any time during the rainy season, will store up vigor during summer and in autumn will attract all who visit the garden.

[Richmond Times-Dispatch:] "Did you ever aim at a deer in the Adirondacks and bag a guide?"

"I did more than that. I aimed at a deer in a drawing-room and bagged a bride."

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Eupatorium.

IN MANY gardens may be seen small-flowered, weak-colored eupatoriums that are less showy than scores of wayside weeds native to California that no one thinks of cultivating. Why will garden owners buy such vile weeds when good plants are common in all plant depots? Eupatoriums, as a rule, are very trashy plants. Out of a hundred species less than a half-dozen are

worthy of garden space, and not one is considered beautiful by at least half the people who garden. If you will have such plants buy the best, but we have hundreds of this class of plants that are better than any eupatorium.

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HOMESTEADING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Mixed with Literature. By Arthur Preston Hankins.

SO MUCH attention has of late centered upon homesteading in the forest reserve of Southern California that a few words from one who is trying the venture may prove of interest.

traveling into obscure corners of this wonderful State in search of material, and for silver-mounted bridles, hand-made morocco-top riding boots, and such conceits. I wanted a home.

On September 26, 1914, I filed a homestead claim on a piece of land in the San Bernardino Mountains. The land borders Baldwin Lake, at the extreme east end of Bear Valley, and is eight miles from Pine Knot and Knight's Camp. The elevation of my land is 6773 feet. I have 160 acres, eighty of which, perhaps, are suitable for agricultural purposes.

Our nearest postoffice is Lucerne Valley, about eighteen miles distant down on the Mojave Desert. We are forty miles from Victorville, our nearest railroad point.

Some thirteen or fourteen locations have been made in this vicinity. All the available land has now been taken up, I understand.

For the past six years I have followed magazine fiction writing. The scenes of the

traveling into obscure corners of this wonderful State in search of material, and for silver-mounted bridles, hand-made morocco-top riding boots, and such conceits. I wanted a home.

After I had filed and was preparing to move from Los Angeles to the claim the European war began assuming gigantic proportions. Immediately many of the magazines began buying only what material they needed for forthcoming issues. In those first stages of the war it took a mighty good story to find its place. I had several in circulation, and was counting on one in particular to bring me \$300. With this money we expected to move to the mountains and establish residence on our homestead.

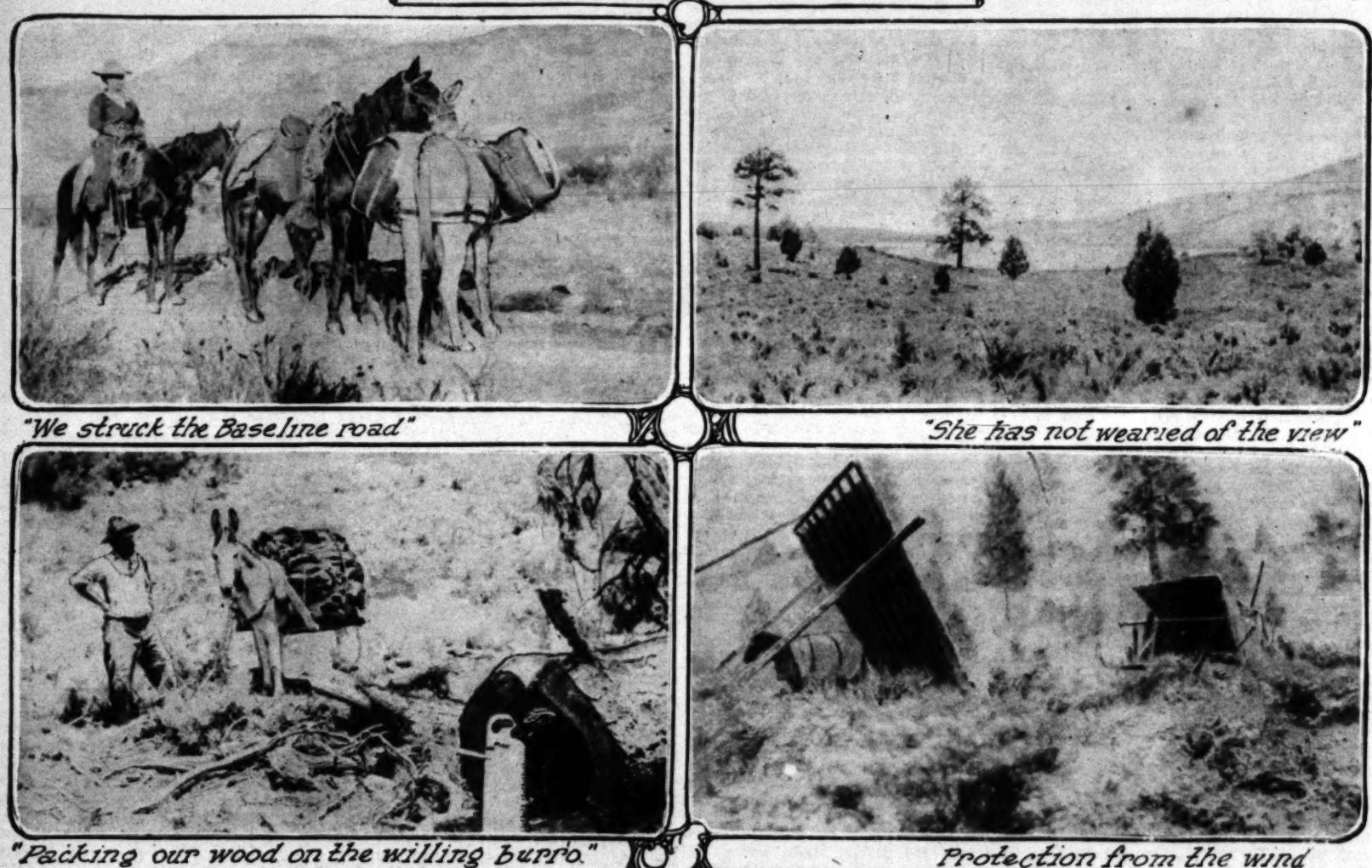
But the story came back to me. They always do when one needs the money for some definite purpose. Ask any writer—excluding the before mentioned few of course.

Well, the weeks dragged on, the war

on the burro—christened "Mono," Spanish for "monkey"—and vaulted into the saddle on the crisp morning of November 23, nearly two months after I had filed. The days were short and the burro, after falfa on hand. He valued it at only \$60 a ton! But he generously loaned me three flakes, and our stock enjoyed a better feed than they had since we left Hesperia, the other side of Victorville.

the manner of his race, slow. We could travel only about eight hours between camps. It is not pleasant getting into camp after dark, saddle weary and hungry, and unacquainted with the lay of the land. Then, the second day the Child of the Desert sprung a leak. That is, the pavements so admired by autoists, but so thoroughly detested by the sane few who prefer a horse with a thinking apparatus to any old machine of steel and near-leather cushions—these pavements, I say, made the burro's feet sore. We were ob- As for ourselves, we took up our abode in a deserted cabin to wait for our goods. Next day they would come, we felt confident. There was no stove in the cabin. But there was a big stone fireplace. It had not been properly constructed, however, and, horrors! how it smoked! Every five minutes we would be forced to open doors and windows to prevent suffocation. Outside the wind was howling, bitter cold. We couldn't warm the cabin when obliged to open up so often.

Leaving our camping ground, in Livestock Canon, we fortunately struck the original old baseline road, every inch of it composed of delightful old Mother Earth. The remainder of the journey was prac-



majority of my stories have been laid still raged, editors still were shy. Winter in California. The western type of tale was coming on. And winter in the mountains means more than in Los Angeles. If appeals to me. So when I learned that I was going to establish residence on my there were situated near the land I was claim without an extension of time, I contemplated a cattle ranch, a sawmill, would have to hurry to get in before the several mines, and other distinctly western snows. There was nothing on the land, institutions, it at once occurred to me remember. I had to get there, throw up that I should be right in the center of a a shelter, and get in wood and winter supplies before snow began to fly. For after country I wished to write about, and that no other place on earth would offer a that all such proceedings would be an better field for my double purpose.

There on the land I could write my stories as well as or perhaps better than elsewhere. I write only half a day, as a rule. The other half could be given to the development of my claim. It seemed to me that no profession offered a better chance for proving up on a homestead than that of writing. While others without capital would be obliged to leave their claims every seven months to earn money to keep things going, I could remain right on the land and be assured of my regular income.

I had no money. Writers seldom have—
excluding, of course, a fortunate few. I
had spent too much of my earnings in

At 1 o'clock Monday afternoon, December 1, we rode into Bear Valley from the desert side, and my wife got her first view of our future home. She has not yet wearied of the view.

A miner whom I had met when I first looked over the land took us in at Doble. Doble is about three miles from our claim. It is a place of rats and cans and old rusty stove and corroded picks and shovels. At one time Doble was the largest town in San Bernardino county. It is now a deserted mining camp—one example where in the late Lucky Baldwin was not lucky.

short of grub for ourselves. We had shipped supplies with our household goods from Los Angeles and had expected them to reach Doble ahead of us. They were not there. We slept on the hard floor. That is, the wife did, and advised me to do so, too. I lay beside her, but didn't sleep. I was worried about the animals and our general predicament.

It was cold and growing colder. Ice was forming on the lake. We put the ponies and the burro, heavily blanketed, in an old deserted barn and gave them a big feed of rolled barley. The miner owned a horse, and had a little baled alfalfa. Next morning the ground was covered with a sheet of snow, beautiful, untarnished. The junipers and pinon pines were loaded with it, fluffy as cotton.

That day the coffee ran out. So did the fanjacia flour. And the eggs. We had a

Campuses in California. Henry W. Kuecker.

WHITE LEGHORNS WIN AT SAN DIEGO.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, January 22, 1916.

THE MYSTERIOUS SECRET OF THE GODS.

Elixir of Life. By Harold H. Scott.

THE last light had blinked out in auditorium and foyer; the last echo of speech and laughter had died away and the house lay wrapt in that dark silence which betokens the end of another day. On the stage behind the big asbestos drop a solitary super hustled about his duties, impatient to be off, and presently, his work completed, he flung on his coat and let himself out into the night.

But with his going there was still one who lingered. Below stage in the dressing-room, which was devoted to the common use of the chorus of the Gaiety Company, a woman sat gazing intently at the reflection in her mirror. To see her now one would not recognize her as "the third from the end on the right." Shorn of the artificial beauty which nightly delighted the audience and brought the spotlight to bear upon her more than once during the performance, she was not beautiful—not even pretty. One saw a woman whose features were regular, perhaps a trifle harsh, though by no means coarse; whose hair showed the faintest traces of gray; whose otherwise fair skin was marked about the eyes and mouth with just a suggestion of tiny lines.

As she gazed at her reflection she communed with herself:

"Mirror, tomorrow is my birthday. Another year has fled and I am getting old. Tomorrow I will be—no!" Her voice, raised in protest, startled her and she shuddered nervously. "No, I will not say it! I am not that old! It cannot be!" There was a note of anguish in her voice as though she were crying out against the injustice of age. "You alone, mirror, know how many years I have gazed into your depths. You can remember when I was young—as young as any of the ponies here. Then I did not have to spend many hours with you seeking to hide the traces of age. Then I was content with a bit of pencil to accentuate the jet of my brows and lashes; a dash of rouge to heighten the carmine of my cheeks and lips—that was all. But you can remember, too, when the time came that I must resort to other means; when the bit of pencil and the dash of rouge were not sufficient, and I must use other tricks to fool the public and myself. But still I grew older. Age seemed to reach out for me like some hideous demon seeking to tear from me the youth I tried in vain to keep. As the merciless years rolled by I turned to you, mirror, and to my make-up box for solace. Oh, the crimes I have committed against myself; the base self-deceit I have practiced in the battle to keep my youth against the relentless assault of time! I have used every artifice known to woman to dam the incoming tide of age, but the battle is lost. It is a hopeless battle at best, but a battle that will be waged as long as woman lives on this earth. I cannot delude myself longer. Tomorrow I will be—" The very thought made her shudder. The years of her life seemed suddenly to sweep down on her with overwhelming force, leaving her weak and powerless to continue the game. She turned her eyes from the mirror and her glance strayed to the empty chair at her left and then to the next and the next—along the whole line where a short time before her companions had sat removing costume and cosmetic after the last curtain.

Some of them, one or two, were as old as she, and their days, too, were numbered. It would not be long, she ruminated, until they all must give way to younger, prettier girls. And what would they do then? There was Bert. (What an absurd nickname for a woman she thought. Though she had known Bert for a long, long time it had never occurred to her before how perfectly ridiculous was the name by which they all addressed her.) What would she do when the stage cast her out? But then she was married and had a dear little girl. Perhaps when the stage could use her no longer she would be content to settle down with her family. Yes, that made a difference. She sighed. But there were others. What would become of them when their stage days were over? To what honest pursuit were they capable of turning their hands when youth replaced them?

Youth! Yes, there was youth again, mocking her, while age grinned malevolently at her from the mirror. She buried her face in her arms there on the table before her;

but she did not cry. She could not cry. Presently, as she sat thus, thinking, her fingers, toying absently with the toilet articles on the table, came in contact with her make-up box. The touch brought her erect instantly and she recoiled as though a serpent had struck at her. Yes, she had been thinking of that and the one who had given it to her. For a moment she sat staring at it stupidly. It was odd how that little casket affected her. At times she wanted to cast it away and with it all the memories it held. But when it came to actually parting with it something within her cried out as though at a desecration. Once when the feeling was on her she had given it away, but, after a miserable, sleepless night, she had requested it back again at no little cost to her pride. But have it she must. It was as though some occult power were vested in the curiously-carved antique which bade her retain it even though at times it seemed that the very sight of it would drive her mad.

Allyn had given it to her many years before. They had been walking one evening and had come quite unexpectedly into one of those out-of-the-way streets of the city which resemble nothing so much as a bit of the Old World set down in the New. They lingered to glance into the window of an antique shop, and there, in the midst of an odd conglomeration of old china, medals, bric-a-brac and ancient implements of war, she had seen this curiously-wrought oriental casket. When she had exclaimed about it Allyn had insisted on buying it for her. "It's just the thing for your make-up box," he had said. She knew the little antiquarian, undoubtedly actuated by Allyn's eagerness, had demanded a ridiculously high price for it—many times what it was really worth—but Allyn had paid it gladly. Allyn was always that way—nothing was too good for her; nothing too costly.

This, however, was by no means the complete history of the casket. When they had returned to her rooms and were idly examining it and exclaiming over its weird, almost grotesque, beauty she had, in some unaccountable manner, touched a hidden spring which disclosed a secret partition. Within they found a small packet, mildewed and faded with age. At first they were inclined to throw it away, believing it had been used merely as packing, but on closer examination they were surprised to discover that it contained faint tracings which were perhaps inscriptions of some ancient language, Egyptian, Sanskrit or Chinese. But a greater surprise awaited them, for on carefully opening the packet they found a small quantity of luminous, slate-colored powder.

"A mystery of the ancients," Allyn had exclaimed in jest. She recalled how he had pored over the inscription seeking to fathom its meaning, first in mere curiosity, and then as the mystery of the strange hieroglyphics gripped him in earnest the desire to translate them became almost an obsession. To this end he sought the aid of linguists whose specialty was the translation of ancient writings. He had spent much time and she knew not how much money, to find that the packet and its contents were the work of some so-called Hindu mystic who had lived 3000 years ago—a man of magic, whose mind, distorted by a lifetime of delving in the mysteries of the unfathomable, had conceived a weird, unearthly potion which would enable man to conquer the wonderful forces of life.

Seated before the casket, as a heathen might sit before a shrine, moved to devotion by the fear of the superstitious, the memory of all this passed in review before her. "How absurd," she mused aloud. "How utterly fanciful; the dream of a lunatic." She reached out almost timidly and drew the box toward her. It was all there still—the little packet with its slate-colored powder and the strange characters of a language long dead and forgotten, and, too, the translation which anyone might read. It was long since she had pressed that hidden spring. For many years she had sought to forget its existence; and even tried vainly to rid herself of the casket, but something, a something as mysterious and intangible as the antique itself, had forbade her doing it.

Well, she remembered the last time she had read the cryptic message. It was on the night that Allyn had taken his leave.

He was going West where a great opportunity awaited him—the western management of a new chain of vaudeville theaters—and when he was settled he was going to send for her. There had been a gay party in her rooms that night, where many of their friends gathered to wish him success in his venture. He had lingered after the others had gone and together they built their dream castles. The little casket had played its part, too, for they had jested about it and—. She broke off in her reverie. "It really was not so very long ago," she thought. "No, not half as long as it seemed."

She had waited expectantly for the word he would send, but the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months; a whole year sped by and no word came. Her letters were returned by the postal authorities, uncalled for. Later she had learned, through a theatrical journal, that the men backing the circuit which he represented had failed dismally in their project, but from him she heard no word. Rumors she heard a-plenty, to be sure. He had been suddenly stricken ill and had died; he had married and settled somewhere in the great West; these and many other things she heard and would not believe. But, beyond denial, he had been swallowed completely by the world—just one of the many who venture forth never to be heard from again.

As her thoughts lingered over these things her fingers idly caressed the little casket. Gone suddenly was her feeling of revulsion toward it and her fingers played with its grotesque carvings almost lovingly. Sometimes she felt this way toward it—as though it were a cherished friend; and again it filled her with a dread horror which she could not explain. The miniature images which supported its four corners seemed smiling at her now, where then they had appeared as demons of fury racking her soul. The serpents entwined on its sides lay submissive and still, those same serpents whose writhing bodies had at times seemed struggling to strike at her and bury their poisonous fangs in her bare arms.

Quite unconsciously her fingers found and released the hidden spring and the little age-worn packet lay revealed. Without seeming conscious of her actions she drew it out and with it the key to its mystic message. She bent closer to the electric light dangling from the ceiling and studied the translation. Once a draught of cold air seemed to rise from nowhere and sweep through the room. She shuddered convulsively, but her eyes did not leave the manuscript before her. And this was the message set down by the Hindu mystic some 3000 years before:

"Many years have I labored seeking to wrest from the gods the secret of the greatest of all things—life. Deeply have I studied of the magic and witchcraft of the East until at last the desire of my life is realized and all lies revealed before me—the secret of that marvelous force which men call life. I alone have fathomed the deepest of mysteries which since the beginning of time has baffled the wisest of men.

"Sealed within the casket is a wonderful decoction which shall be a boon to mankind. The Elixir of Life! This powder made—" (Here was a series of dots in the manuscript, evidently indicating the omission of the ingredients which defied translation.) "—eight drams of water, will give to him who drinks of it perpetual youth. It will guard him for all time against the onslaught of age.

"It is well that I have at last achieved the work of a lifetime, for my eyes are dimmed and my body grows weak with the burden of years. It is too late for me to reap the reward of my labors, for already I feel the hand of death upon me. I can only give the world the benefit of my wonderful discovery that others may profit by it and save themselves from death—death, whose inexorable power shall henceforth be broken by the wisdom of man.

"My life ebbs fast . . . it will be but a short time now . . ." (Here again were the dots, and then an odd character, probably the Hindu's signature, for which there was no English equivalent.)

Having finished reading the manuscript she sat silent for some time, her gaze fixed before her, unseeing. Staring thus, as though in a trance, her hands sought the packet and she spread it out until the slate-

colored powder glinted in the light, ominous, foreboding. Mechanically she rose and going to the washstand drew some water in a glass. As mechanically she returned and sat again at her dressing table. There was a queer, indefinable light in her eyes, neither exultation nor fear, neither triumph nor dejection, only that light which one might imagine shining in the eyes of an immortal.

She emptied the powder into the glass and immediately there was a strange vapor which filled the air and she was dumbly conscious of an overpowering odor. It seemed not a disagreeable odor—rather, it was strangely sweet. She looked into her mirror, an odd little smile curving her lips. What mattered it all—to live or to die? Perhaps this man of the East knew, after all; perhaps he had spoken truly—he who had mastered the mystic lore of untold centuries. Who was she to question the wisdom of his witchcraft, which hundreds of years of civilization had failed to fathom? If it meant youth, why, was that not what she desired? Or death? Death were a thousand times less bitter than age—hideous age—which was stalking her, lying in wait to reach out and claim her for its own. After all, what mattered it?

She took up the glass. Its contents seethed and bubbled as though it held the very essence of life, but she gazed into its mystic depths unflinchingly. She put it to her lips.

And then suddenly she started. Her whole body trembled and the glass slipped from her nerveless fingers and crashed to the floor. Someone had opened the door unheard and was standing on the threshold transfixed.

Allyn had returned.

In the next moment she found herself in his arms and, while she wept and laughed by turns, the Elixir of Life stained the rough, bare floor of the dressing-room. Thus did the secret wrested from the gods by a lifetime of unflagging zeal return to their jealous guarding once more, to remain the greatest of mysteries until the world shall produce another genius such as the Hindu mystic.

[Detroit Free Press:] "Why is that squaw putting on so many airs?"

"That squaw is some punkins. Regent of the Daughters of the Aborigines."



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HOMESTEADING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Saturday, January 22, 1910.

little chunk of bacon and potatoes, nothing more.

Nimrod to the rescue! Down by the lake I captured with these two strong hands a wild duck which some hunter had crippled. I borrowed more hay from the miner. Night came on again. Our goods had not arrived!

For breakfast bacon and potatoes, and baking-powder bread, which the miner gave us. More hay borrowed. There was only a little supply in the miner's cabin, and how I dreaded to face him and ask for more! But it was for the stock. As for ourselves, we were going hungry rather than rob his winter store.

At 10 o'clock the teamster drove in—drunk. I stared in astonishment at his outfit. He had two ponies scarce bigger than our saddle stock, and a small wagon which could not transport a thousand pounds. He could not have hauled our truck in four loads.

"Where are my goods?"

"Hic—who are you?"

I told him, and I was modest about it, I trust.

"No orders to get anything for you."

I tramped through the snow to carry the terrible news back to my sword and buckler.

I was stuck, literally stuck! I had always argued that there is a way out of every difficulty, but there seemed no way out of this. I asked the old miner's advice.

"You're welcome to half I've got," he said. "But I think the best thing you can do is to get to hell out o' here!"

"Where?"

"Go down on the desert to Box-S Ranch and find somebody goin' in to Victorville. Send word by him to the Talmages to haul your goods at once."

"How far is Box-S Ranch?"

"Eighteen miles."

We turned the burro loose to pick a living with others of his species running free in the mountains; and at 1 o'clock we had picked the last scrap of meat from the bones of that ill-fated widgeon and were in the saddles for Box-S Ranch.

It was a long, cold trip down steep grades slippery with snow, which balled on the ponies' feet and made traveling slow and precarious. We reached Box-S, an old landmark on the Mojave Desert, just at dark.

While I was helping the heir of the rancho to make our stock comfortable for the night a machine passed, bound for Victorville, twenty-six miles to the west. We hailed the driver and by him sent a message to Talmage Brothers to get the goods, and load up to six-horse capacity with baled hay. So that was off my mind.

At dinner in the ranch-house I learned that I had a cousin living a mile and a half from there. I knew this cousin was homesteading in a place called Lucerne Valley, but had not known where Lucerne Valley was, and was until then unaware that we were in this valley.

So next morning we called on Cousin.

Now, I was again suffering with writer's cramp—that financial cramp I mentioned earlier in my tale. There had been debts to settle before leaving Los Angeles, supplies to buy, freight to pay, etc. I think I had left of that wondrous \$211 some \$30. I didn't know whether I would have enough to pay the Talmages for that hay and the six-horse hauling. I didn't know the Talmages from Adam. I had taken a chance on having enough, that was all. So when Cousin suggested that we find an empty cabin and camp on the desert till the snow was out of the mountains I jumped at the idea. The hauling to that point would be much less than for the load to continue on up the steep grades to Doble.

Cousin owned a Ford. You know what a Ford is—something like an automobile. In it we scoured the desert and at last found a cabin which was unlocked. Cousin said he knew the owner—a man who had proved up on his claim and was now in Victorville waiting for the more progressive settlers of the valley to develop their land, and thus increase the value of his without any effort on his part. Cousin said we would be welcome to use the cabin as long as we cared to.

In the end we drove to Victorville that night in the machine, saw the owner of the cabin, and countermanded the Talmage order. Cousin had a team, and offered to haul the things. I knew he needed the money, and perhaps thought I had it; but what's a cousin for if not to wait till a

fellow sells another story for pay for such trivial services?

We returned to the mountains next day, roped the burro, and brought him down. And the following day we moved, bag and baggage, into the cabin on the desert, and stored my hay and provisions in the little cellar underneath. Soon my typewriter was staked out, and I was at work on yarns which were destined later to smooth out some of the ruts that were still ahead of us.

I have presumed everybody knows that a homesteader is allowed six months after filing in which to establish residence on his claim. It was now about the 5th of December. I had filed September 26. We still had until March 26 to get onto the land. We were only about sixteen miles from it. It seemed that nothing other than financial difficulties could keep us back. So I settled down to write and dig greasewood roots for fuel till March 15, when we should break camp and wend peacefully to our new home.

But up in the mountains it began to snow again. The long range stretched before us over the level desert to the southward. And farther and farther down crept the blanket of white.

"You'll not get up there and build a cabin before the 26th of March," the old-timers prophesied. And they were right.

But, unperturbed, I kept on with pencil and typewriter. Our adventures had given me much fresh material to work on. I struck a streak, as I call it, and stories grew fast under my hand.

Then, as the months passed, they began to sell, one by one. I bought a cabin, which my wife and I wrecked, intending to have it hauled up when we went. I ordered \$150 worth of groceries, calculated to last us till fall, to be hauled from Victorville.

But still it continued to snow in the mountains.

By March 10 I was fully convinced that no loads such as we now would have could get into the mountains before March 26. So on the 10th we rode on horseback to Victorville, and, before a notary public made application to the Land Office for a three months' extension of time. This went to Washington, and we did not hear of it's being approved and granted until long after we were settled on our land. But it forestalled any attempt at contesting our claim for failure to establish residence in time.

In the middle of April I rode up into the mountains. The snow had melted, and the weather was like summer. I returned to the desert cabin, and we began our preparation for departure.

April 26 we were away, arriving on the land with one load of goods—our household things and a few supplies—at dusk. A cold wind was blowing off the lake, which chilled to the bone. Quite different from my last trip up. We camped and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and the next day our teamster returned for the lumber.

That day I contracted a terrible toothache. And, about noon it grew bitterly cold and began to snow. We hadn't the ghost of a shelter till the cabin should arrive. I have suffered some pain, but never before anything like that toothache. There was no place to go to get warm, and the torture increased with the ever-increasing cold.

From April 26 till May 5 it snowed and rained and blew by turns. And that tooth kept steadily on the job. But the weather did not daunt that indomitable teamster I had engaged. He himself was a homesteader, and he said he "knew how it was." His four weary animals fought the storm and within four more days had brought in our remaining two loads.

When the cabin lumber came we threw up a lean-to, using the two-by-fours for props and the long twelve-inch stuff for roof. This kept out a great deal of snow and wind, but we had to hug the rusting stove constantly. And our \$150 worth of groceries out, unprotected, in the storm! And, oh, that tooth!

One day it cleared. Immediately we went to laying the floor of the cabin. We got the joists down and spiked in place, but had no time to nail on the flooring before it began snowing again, harder than ever. Our ponies and the burro, though blanketed, were suffering from the cold west wind blowing a gale over the lake. So we took the rolls of tar paper destined for roofing and nailed them to the frame of the floor, already laid. Then we hoisted this up against the wind and let our animals stand behind it. And thus we lived like cave man and cave woman till the storm had passed, packing our wood and water on the least six months old."

After I had laid and was preparing to the miner of his race, slow. We could not afford to be of his race, slow. We could

not afford to be of his race, slow. We could

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Elixir of Life. By Harold H. Scott.

THE MYSTERIOUS SECRET OF THE GODS.

Saturday, January 22, 1916.

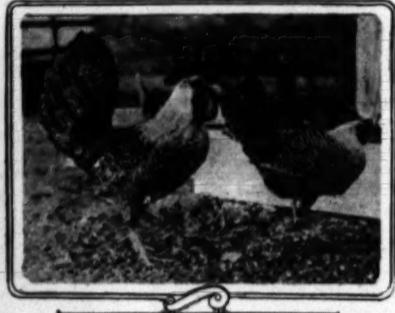
WHITE LEGHORNS WIN AT SAN DIEGO.

Campines in California. Henry W. Kruckeberg.

An Old Breed Revived.

AMONG old breeds that have been rediscovered none have commanded more attention, nor given wider evidence of economic values, than the Silver and Golden Campines. Imported from Belgium into England and the United States, they soon gave evidence of good laying qualities, while in the matter of type and color of plumage the breed has been much improved by the fanciers of both countries. The breed takes its name from the fact that it is largely bred in the Campine district—a dry, sandy plain lying between Antwerp and Hasselt, in the provinces of Antwerp and Limburg, where prevailing conditions render activity an essential to any breed, as forage is quite apt to be scant. Allowing for this, it is no wonder that the Campine suggests the Leghorn in type; that it is an alert, active bird; that it is a comparatively small breed; and that its maintenance is one of low cost in comparison to some of the larger breeds.

The Campines are rated as hardy, small eaters, good foragers (and yet not averse to confinement,) rapid growers, and splendid layers of good-sized eggs, those of adult hens



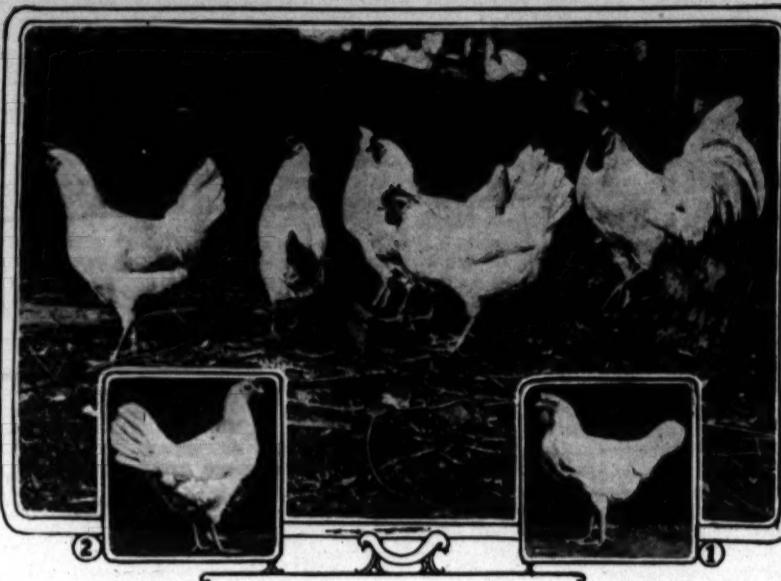
First Silver Campine cock and hen, Los Angeles show, 1916, bred and owned by B. F. Hance, Glendale.

going two ounces each. The carriage is proud, and the color scheme in plumage one of the most beautiful of all our domesticated fowl.

In this section the Campine seems to find ideal conditions, its acclimatization being easy, and its introduction among fanciers and breeders quite rapid. At late shows throughout the State, both the Silvers and the Goldens have been pronounced features. Its permanency in the industry and still wider dissemination is assured. Being of the egg breeds it naturally takes its place along with the other breeds constituting the Mediterranean class.

White Leghorns Win Again.

During the past year there has been going on an egg-laying contest at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, which has only just closed and the record made public. In this contest there were six pens, each consisting of six females and a male, representing six different breeds, consisting of Buff Minorcas, with a record of 791 eggs; R. I. Reds, 961; Buff Orpingtons, 974; Barred Rocks, 1058; White Wyandottes, 1064; and S. C. White Leghorns, 1095. On the whole, this is certainly a splendid performance, and is highly creditable to all the breeds represented, and especially those whose record runs into four figures. In a previous number of The Illustrated Times Weekly we referred to this contest, calling attention to the conditions, and especially the feeding rations, under which it was carried on. We return to the subject again at this time in order to afford our readers information touching the winning pen of White Leghorns, the property of C. H. Hosford, an experienced breeder of Riverside and the owner of the Magnolia Poultry Farm. The illustration shows this pen as it appeared soon after reaching home at the close of the contest, and most of the birds had not fully recovered from the molt. No. 1 is a picture of one of the grandmothers of the present flock from which the winning pen in the contest was picked. This hen has a trap-nest record of 219 eggs in a year and also took second prize at the Riverside poultry show in 1912. No. 2 is another grandmother of the present flock and loosely-feathered



Upper seven, winning pen S. C. White Leghorns in the Panama-California egg-laying contest at San Diego. Nos. 1 and 2, heavy layers of the same strain. Bred and owned by C. H. Hosford, Riverside, Cal.

has a trap-nest record of 243 eggs in a year. Another hen (not in the contest) bred by this establishment has a trap-nested record of 242 eggs laid during twelve months. Mr. Hosford's aim has been for several years to breed a strain of standard birds, the hens of which will also be profitable layers, and while these exceptional specimens represent the pick of his flocks, it goes without saying that he certainly has evolved a fine strain of birds that meet alike the ambitions of the fanciers as well as the commercial breeder.

Why Green Feed is Essential.

From a late bulletin of the Department of Agriculture we take the following two suggestive paragraphs:

Green feeds for poultry contain only a small percentage of actual food nutrients, but are important because of their succulence and bulk, which lighten the grain rations and assist in keeping the birds in good condition. The poultryman should secure a sufficient supply of such feeds to last through the winter months in sections where growing green feeds can not be obtained. When chickens are fattened without the use of milk, green feed helps to keep them in good condition.

Cabbages, mangel wurzels, clover, alfalfa, and sprouted oats are the green feeds commonly used during the winter. Cabbages do not keep as well in ordinary cellars as mangel wurzels, so where both of these feeds are available the cabbages are fed first. They are often suspended, while the mangel wurzels are split and stuck on a nail on the wall of the pen. Clover and alfalfa may be fed as hay, cut into one-half to one inch lengths, or may be bought in the form of meal. Alfalfa meal has a feeding analysis equal to bran, but is not as digestible on account of its larger percentage of fiber. Clover and alfalfa should be cut while slightly immature, if they are to be cured and fed to poultry. The leaves and chaff from such hay are especially adapted for poultry feeding.

Praise for Sir Hubert.

So high an authority on pure-bred poultry as Franklaine L. Sewell, the foremost poultry artist in America, gives much praise to the fine plumage and type of many of the standard breeds grown in California. Especially enthusiastic is he when considering the fine qualities of the California productions in the Mediterranean class. He says:

"They have splendid quality of plumage, which poultry breeders are able to produce in this Pacific Coast climate. The quality of plumage exists abundantly and the special breeding problems have been mastered by leading breeders on the Coast—a fact that is plain to be seen."

"All breeds and varieties of the Mediterranean class seem to thrive. This was noticeable in the Leghorns, Minorcas, Anconas and Campines. On the other hand, the breeds, especially the

Asiatics, do not appear to thrive quite so well. Cochins are not in particular favor. Yet there are some very good Orpingtons and it is evident that they are decidedly popular. The Buffs and Whites, as produced on the Coast, show numerous good birds.

"Coast poultrymen like the Anconas. This was proved by the birds on display, also by statements made to me by fanciers of the breed.

"You ask about Silver and Golden Campines. It is clear that some of the best stock in the East has been brought to the Coast. For example, the first prize Golden Cockerel was as good in color as any specimen I have handled. He was remarkably clear in hackle, considering his fine body color. His plumage was brilliant and the bird showed that he was well-reared and capably conditioned.

"As before stated this climate appears to be especially adapted to the welfare of the Mediterranean breeds and varieties. These birds like to escape the cold winters of the eastern States. They show this on their own account. In California 'eggs are money' and the Mediterraneans appear to occupy the front rank in egg production."

Economic Influences in 1914-15.

That prices of feed have an influence on the poultry output is forcibly shown in the annual volume of carcass and eggs in the Petaluma district. When the prices of feeding stuffs advance beyond a certain point there is usually a corresponding decline in egg-production, due to the fact that poultry in such cases fails to remain profitable. The result is that quantities of chickens find their way to the butcher. This was largely true in Southern California about a year ago. Up to 1914, Petaluma had been gaining right along in her output of eggs and poultry, but she fell down that year, the total shipments being only 9,432,333 dozen eggs—a decrease of 1,030,411 dozen from the total of 1913. The output of 1915 redeemed the break of 1914 and made the general result 11,681,134 dozen eggs, which does not include the vast number of eggs used in the hatcheries or in the home incubators, the baby chicks sent away, nor the eggs raised and kept at home. In 1903 the shipment of eggs and poultry in dozens from Petaluma were: Eggs, 3,407,333; poultry, 32,535.

With the return of normal conditions it is fair to assume that the output of poultry products for 1916 will show a healthy increase and a corresponding profit to the industry alike to the commercial poultrymen and the growers of breeding stock and exhibition specimens.

Pin Feathers and Wing Flights.

Poultry authorities at the Wisconsin and New York experiment stations have learned from several years' trials that while the early moulting hens sometimes do lay a week or two earlier, they also quit laying, as a

rule, from two to three months sooner than the late moulters.

From a Colorado Experiment Station bulletin we learn that a good dusting material is composed of equal parts of fine sand, road dust and sifted ashes. A cupful of kermes and a handful of sulphur thoroughly mixed with the dust will make the dust bath still more effective. During the rainy season nail an ordinary grocery store box in one corner of the house. Elevate it above the floor so that it will not get filled with straw or litter and put in six or eight inches of dusting material. In dry weather hens will usually find their own dusting place, generally in the shade of trees and shrubs. By keeping the soil spaded up and in fine tilth both hens and plants will thrive.

Again what has been often said in these columns against the promiscuous introduction of "new" breeds, the following pertinent remarks at the Panama-Pacific show by Judge Robert H. Essex of Canada, is certainly pertinent: "If we keep on we shall have about a thousand different varieties in the Standard of Perfection before long. Meanwhile old and established breeds and varieties need far more attention than they are getting—need many new breeders to do justice by them. If the old and valuable breeds and varieties had been perfected, I should not object as strongly; but to spring so many of these new kinds on us at a time when we need additional help to improve the old and established breeds and varieties, strikes me as being a mistake."

The beginner in poultry culture will do well to bear in mind that the mongrel eats as much, and occupies as much space as the pure-bred. But when it comes to salesmanship, it brings only market price for carcass, while the pure-bred possesses a breeding and exhibition value that is peculiarly its own. These facts tell their own story.

The growing of fine poultry is easily within the means of the average person, and when conducted along intelligent lines is invariably profitable, and also a source of pleasure.

The St. Louis postoffice has published a neat booklet known as the "U. S. Parcel Post Produce List," for distribution in that city to consumers who may desire to purchase butter, eggs and general produce, direct from the farmer, dairyman or poultry raiser, via parcel post. Would not a similar effort on the part of the Los Angeles postoffice be a good thing for this town and section?

Caught on the Wing.

The poultrymen of the Pomona Valley are a progressive lot, and enjoy an association possessed of initiative and purpose. It proposes to do co-operative buying as well as selling, the idea being for the membership collectively to buy their grain foods this season right from the field during the harvest period. At the meeting held during last week the following officers were chosen: Cornelius G. Ross, president; Henry W. Boone, first vice-president; R. H. Condee, second vice-president; Dr. E. W. Harris, secretary; Carl Tribing, treasurer.

Collapsible poultry coops are the subjects of recent patents. That devised by John C. Bledsoe has sides of wire netting, and that devised by Robert A. Vivins has sides made of runs of rods but does not use any wire netting. Both can be collapsed into compact form when they are to be returned in an empty condition to the shipper.

The American Cornish Club is indeed a growing institution, the memberships totaling over 450. Of this number there is a strong representation from Southern California.

State's Lice Killer Food

A preparation which, when fed to fowls, will rid them of Lice and Mites, keep them in absolute health, prevent disease and increase the egg yield.

THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD
No Spraying, No Dusting, No Greasing
"JUST FEED IT TO 'EM, THAT'S ALL."

Does Not Affect Eggs or Flesh.
Try this new Lice Killer, it is a wonder.
Mix in the feed three times a week.

Ageler & Musser Seed Co.
115 NORTH MAIN STREET.
Los Angeles Agents.

MYSTERIOUS RUIN IN NATIONAL PARK.

Big Find in Mesa Verde. From "Our National Parks."

THE report just submitted to the Secretary of the Interior by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution, who conducted the excavation of last summer in the Mesa Verde National Park, shows that the ruins then unearthed were of extraordinary interest. In fact, Sun Temple, as it has been named, is an altogether new and mysterious type of ruin, the discovery of which Dr. Fewkes calls a service to American archaeology.

The mound which Dr. Fewkes, at the request of the Interior Department, opened last summer lay on a point of the Mesa directly across Cliff Canyon, and opposite the celebrated prehistoric ruin known as Cliff Palace. Stones strewn on its surface had shown signs of having been worked artificially, indicating the character of the masonry of some ancient building undoubtedly buried below. Cedar or piñon trees of great age grew upon the mound. Indications pointed to a building of large size. Dr. Fewkes had reported these facts as long ago as 1909 and it had become his great desire to penetrate the mystery.

During the prosecution of the work last summer nothing reached print, although a ruin of large size and unknown character was rapidly emerging and hundreds of national park tourists visited the spot and listened to Dr. Fewkes's camp-fire talks at night. During the autumn a few hints of the importance of the discovery became public; but the official report, here epitomized, contains the first definite information on the subject.

Of Entirely New Type.

All his hopes, Dr. Fewkes reports, were realized. "The results of three months' work," he says, "were more striking than had been expected."

"There was brought to light a type of ruin hitherto unknown in the park, and, as was well expressed by a visitor, the building excavated shows the best masonry and is the most mysterious ruin yet discovered in a region rich in so many prehistoric remains. Although at first there was some doubt as to the use of this building, it was early recognized that it was not constructed for habitation, and it is now believed that it was intended for the performance of rites and ceremonies; the first of its type devoted to religious purposes yet recognized in the Southwest."

"The ruin was purposely constructed in a commanding situation in the neighborhood of large inhabited cliff houses. It sets somewhat back from the edge of the canyon, but near enough to present a marked object from all sides, especially the neighboring mesas. It must have presented an imposing appearance rising on top of a point high above inaccessible, perpendicular cliffs. No better place could have been chosen for a religious building in which the inhabitants of many cliff dwellings could gather and together perform their great ceremonial dramas."

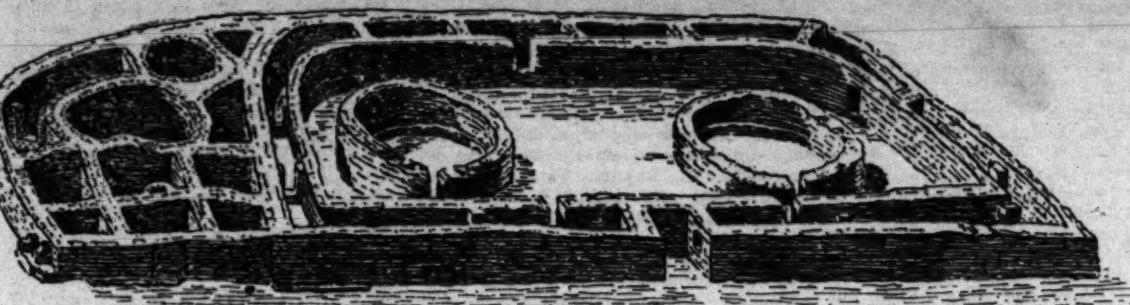
The ruin has the form of the letter "D." The building is in two sections, the larger of which, taken separately, is also D-shaped. This is considered the original building. The addition enlarging it is regarded as an annex. The south wall, which is straight and includes both the original building and the annex, is 121.7 feet long. The ruin is sixty-four feet wide.

Sacred Rooms and Others

There are about 1000 feet of walls in the whole building. These walls average four feet in thickness, and are double, inclosing a central core of rubble and adobe. They are uniformly well made.

"The rooms in this building," continues the report, "vary in form and type, one kind being circular, the other rectangular. The former are identified as kivas, or sacred rooms; the purpose of the latter is unknown. There are two circular rooms or kivas of about equal size in the original building, and a third occupies the center of the annex.

"There are twenty-three other rooms, fourteen of which are in the original building, the walls of which are parallel; several curved, others straight. Three of the former had entrances from the roofs, four had lateral doors into the plaza, and the remainder are arranged in two series, the members of which communicate with each other.



Prehistoric Sun Temple discovered under a mound in the Mesa Verde National Park.

None of the rooms of the annex have lateral doorways.

"Not a single room, either of circular or rectangular form, shows any signs of plastering, but all joints between stones, from the bottom to the top, are carefully pointed with adobe and generally chinked with stones. The impression of human fingers and palms of small hands of the workmen, probably women, still show in the clay mortar.

"The principle of the arch was unknown, but the corners were practically perpendicular, implying the use of a plumb bob. The curved walls are among the best in the ruin."

New Light on Pueblo Culture.

Outside the main building is a circular building with walls four feet thick which closely resembles the base of a tower. This was probably intended, like the "tower" in Cliff Palace, for ceremonial rites.

One of the most interesting features is the embellishment of the walls by geometrical figures cut in their surfaces—a rare form of decoration. Several stones with incised figures were set in the walls. Generally, the designs are geometric, but there are others, including the figure of a ladder leaning against a wall, turkey tracks, and the conventional sign for flowing water.

"The importance of these incised figures on stones set in walls," says the report, "lies in the fact that they seem to indicate an advance in architectural decoration not represented in other prehistoric buildings in the Southwest. They may be regarded as first steps in mural sculpture, a form of decoration that reached such an advanced stage in old ruins in Mexico and Central America. Although at first there was some doubt as to the use of this building, it was early recognized that it was not constructed for habitation, and it is now believed that it was intended for the performance of rites and ceremonies; the first of its type devoted to religious purposes yet recognized in the Southwest."

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Mystery of the Temple's Age.

"The fine masonry, the decorated stones that occur in it, and the unity of plan stamp Sun Temple as the highest example of Mesa Verde architecture."

The walls were constructed of the sandstone of the neighborhood. Many stone hammers and pecking stones were found in the neighborhood.

One of the most remarkable features of the structure is a stone fossil set in the outer wall near the southwest corner. Mr. F. H. Knowlton, of the United States National Museum, has identified this as the fossil leaf of a palm tree of the Cretaceous epoch. The point is that the rayed leaf resembled the sun, and the ancient races were sun worshipers. A natural object resembling the sun would powerfully affect a primitive mind.

"At all events," says Dr. Fewkes, "they have partially inclosed this emblem with walls in such a way as to inclose the figure on three sides, leaving the inclosure open on the fourth or west side. There can be no doubt that the walled inclosure was a shrine, and the figure in it may be a key to the purpose of the building. The shape of the figure on the rock suggests a symbol of the sun, and if this suggestion be correct, there can hardly be a doubt that solar rites were performed about it."

Mystery of the Temple's Age.

Naturally the two first questions asked about this structure concern its age and its uses. Both are mysteries.

"It is impossible," says the report, "to tell when Sun Temple was begun or how long it took for its construction or when it was deserted. There are indications that its walls were never completed, and from the amount of fallen stones there can hardly be a doubt that when it was abandoned they had been carried up in some places at least six feet above their present level. The top of the wall had been worn down at any rate six feet in the interval between the time it was abandoned and the date of my excavation of the mound. No one can tell the length of this interval in years.

"We have, however, knowledge of the lapse of time because the mound had accumulated enough soil on its surface to support growth of large trees. Near the summit of the highest wall in the annex there grew a juniper or red cedar of great antiquity, alive and vigorous when I began work. This tree undoubtedly sprouted after the desertion of the building and grew after a mound had developed from fallen walls. Its roots penetrated into the adjacent rooms and derived nourishment from the soil filling them.

May Have Been Built About 1300 A.D.

"Necessarily when these roots were cut off, thereby killing the tree, I was obliged to fell it, but the stump remains, cut off about a foot above the ground. A section of this tree at that point was found by Mr. Gordon Parker, supervisor of Montezuma National Forest, to have 360 annual rings; its heart is decayed, but its size suggests other rings, and that a few more years can be added to its age.

"It is not improbable that this tree began to grow on the top of the Sun Temple mound shortly after the year 1540, when Coronado first entered New Mexico, but how great an interval elapsed during which the walls fell to form the mound in which it grew and how much earlier the foundations of the ruined walls were laid no one can tell. A conservative guess of 250 years is allowable for the interval between construction and the time the cedar began to sprout, thus carrying the antiquity of the Sun Temple back to about 1300 A.D.

"From absence of data, the relative age of Sun Temple and Cliff Palace is equally obscure, but it is my firm conviction that the former was later, mainly because it showed unmistakable evidences of a higher sociological condition of the builders; but here again we enter a realm of speculation, which, while it adds to the mystery of the building, is beyond our knowledge.

The Mystery of Its Purpose.

"Many theories have been advanced to explain the purpose of this structure, but most of these can be eliminated without difficulty. The theory that it was a prison, a Spanish mission, a theater, may be dismissed without serious consideration.

"The position of the ruin has led several visitors to suggest that the building was constructed for a fortification or defense against hostile invaders. This theory is not a fanciful one, but, while it might have been constructed in part for this purpose, protection from foes was only a secondary consideration. The care given to its construction, its shape and size, absence of portholes, and height of walls are not such as we would expect in a fort.

"There is no good evidence supporting the theory that it was erected to serve as a habitation. The rooms have not a form adapted

for any such utilitarian purpose. They are destitute of windows, and it was not intended to plaster their walls, as the incised stones clearly indicate; there are no evidences of fireplaces, no smoked walls, no ashes or charcoal, no metates for grinding corn, no piles of debris, such as are usually formed about a habitation. Few household implements, such as bowls and baskets, were found. There were no burials, no animal bones, remnants of former feasts.

"While it is not impossible that it might have been intended to later add an upper story for dwellings, attention may be called to the fact that, although some of the rooms have walls about twelve feet high, they show no evidence of floor beams or holes for their insertion. The lower rooms were too high for dwellings, for a dwelling room over six feet from floor to ceiling is anomalous in cliff houses or pueblos.

The Argument That Counts.

"The argument that appeals most strongly to my mind supporting the theory that Sun Temple was a ceremonial building in the unity shown in its construction. A preconceived plan existed in the mind of the builders before they began work on the main building. Sun Temple was not constructed haphazard nor was its form due to addition of one clan after another, each adding rooms to a pre-existing nucleus. There is no indication of patching one building to another, so evident at Cliff Palace and other large cliff dwellings. The construction of the recess in the south wall situated exactly, to an inch, midway in its length, shows it was planned from the beginning.

"We can hardly believe that one clan could have been numerous enough to construct a house so large and massive. Its walls are too extensive; the work of dressing the stones too great. Those who made it must have belonged to several clans fused together, and if they united for this common work, they were in a higher state of sociological development than a loosely connected population of a cliff dwelling.

"In primitive society only one purpose could have united the several clans who built such a structure, and this purpose must have been a religious one. This building was constructed for worship, as its size is such that we may practically call it a temple.

A Temple for Sun Worship.

"On the theory that it was intended for that purpose, we can easily interpret one or two facts that otherwise are without significance. The shrine at its southwest corner stone is worthy of notice in this connection. It bears on its floor a symbol resembling the sun, which implies complex ceremonies.

"No one doubts that the three massive, circular-walled rooms, two in the main plaza and one in the annex, are religious rooms, and a glance at the ground plan shows they are prominent architectural features. They show from their prominence that whatever theory of the use of the Sun Temple we adopt we must not overlook the ceremonial object. The existence of many rooms entered from the roofs and the absence of external doors in all implies secrecy. The mysteries here performed were not open to all; only the initiated could enter.

"Comment has already been made on the fact that practically no household implements were found in the rooms, which has been interpreted to mean that the building was never finished. It also signifies that the workmen did not live in or near by during construction; the question is pertinent: Where did they live?

Theories

"On the theory that this was erected by

MYSTERIOUS RUIN IN NATIONAL PARK.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

[Saturday, January 29, 1916.]

Illustrated W. W. T.

people from several neighboring cliff dwellings for ceremonies held in common, we may suppose that the builders came daily from their dwellings in Cliff Palace and other houses, and returned at night, after they had finished work, to their homes. The trails down the sides of the cliffs which the workmen used are still to be seen. The place was frequented by many people, but there is no evidence that any one clan dwelt near this mysterious building during its construction.

Other questions arise: Was Sun Temple constructed by an intrusive people of different stock from that of Cliff Palace? Is it the work of a migratory band that entered the region from the valleys surrounding Mesa Verde, or was it built by an alien people not closely allied to those of Cliff Palace, but more like Pueblos of New Mexico? The difference between the architecture of Sun Temple and that of the neighboring cliff dwellings and its similarity in form to some of the ruins in the Chaco Canyon, N. M., would seem to lend support to the theory that the builders were aliens, or culturally different from cliff dwellers.

This theory seems to me untenable, for where did these incoming aliens live while building it? How could they work there unmolested?

The Mystery of the Builders.

"The argument that cliff dwellers in the

neighborhood built Sun Temple and that incoming aliens had nothing to do with its construction seems to me very strong. The architectural differences between it and Cliff Palace are not objections, for the architectural form of Sun Temple may be regarded as a repetition, in the open, of a form of building that developed in a cliff house; the rounded north wall conforms with the rear of a cave and the straight south wall reproduces the front of a cliff dwelling. The recess midway in the south wall of Sun Temple could be likened without forcing the comparison to a similar recess which occurs at the main entrance into Cliff Palace.

"Sun Temple was not built by an alien people but by the cliff dwellers as a specialized building mainly for religious purposes, and, so far as known, is the first of its type recognized in the Mesa Verde area.

"I am confident that the group of mounds around a circular pueblo, now called a reservoir and known as Mummy Lake, and the great mounds near it, will furnish a key to unlock this mystery, for these show evidences of having been inhabited, and if their ground plans resemble that of Sun Temple they must be akin to it."

Dr. Fewkes took special pains to protect the walls from the action of ice and frost by covering the upper surfaces with small stones, over which he laid a roof of adobe, and over all a cap of Portland cement, into which he set a series of stepping stones for visitors who desire to walk on top.

In this connection he makes this significant statement:

"Too strong language can not be used in depreciation of the butchering of architectural features of our southwestern ruins by pot hunters, either private individuals for gain or representatives of institutions under the name of scientific research."

Mesa Verde National Park as a Mecca.

This remarkable discovery marks, in his opinion, merely the beginning of a still more remarkable development.

"The Mesa Verde," he says, "is unique in its educational importance. It is destined ultimately to be a mecca for all students of the prehistory of the Southwest and an object lesson to all visitors who wish to see the best preserved buildings of pre-Columbian times in our country. It is self-evident that the excavation and repair of all the ruins in this park can not be accomplished in a few years, even were it desirable to attempt it; the work means many years of arduous devotion, intelligently directed, and a large sum of money. It is desirable to open up these precious remains of antiquity carefully, following a definite plan, availing ourselves of methods acquired by experience. The work should be done with care, and it will be an additional attraction if visitors can see how the work is done.

"Three good representations of the type of ruins called cliff dwellings have already been excavated and repaired, viz., Cliff Palace, Spruce Tree House, and Balcony House, in which I have this year added another of the same type, viz., Oak Tree (Willow) House. Although we have always thought of the ruins of the Mesa Verde as cliff dwellings, the work this summer has greatly broadened our ideas of the architecture, and hence the culture, of the aborigines of Mesa Verde. Nine More Mounds.

"There has been brought to light a new type, which is a new attraction and adds a new zest to the study. Two or possibly three other types await the shovel and pick of the explorer pleading for their turn. The great mounds near Mummy Lake, which itself is a new type of ruin, should be excavated and repaired.

"Work on the group will reveal important architectural features and add much to our scientific information. The Mummy Lake cluster of mounds lies on the main road from Mancos, Colo., to Spruce Tree House, and with this advantageous position work here will from its inception arrest the attention of visitors and increase interest in the park. But excavation and repair of the nine large mounds in the Mummy Lake cluster will be a work of greater magnitude than any in this line yet undertaken on the park."

Dr. Fewkes constructed an automobile road around Sun Temple so as to give free access. Many cars were run to the spot last year and made a road for themselves up to the road he constructed.

Following the Trail of Tomorrow. Arrow of the Desert.

BY AMATA ABIAH DUNNING.

THE MISSION bells of San Luiso rang out clear and bold; but who was there to hear them? Father Kent looked across the parched and neglected fields and tears filled his eyes. Gone were the glories of the past when Indian converts gathered about in endless numbers and Spanish conquistadores filled the land with romance.

With a quick and silent step, an Indian, bronzed and wiry, swung around the corner and stood speechless in the glowing light of sundown.

"Well, Kanelo," asked the aged priest in a melancholy tone, "what is it?"

"Father, you have taught me to read, to write, and to think."

"More than that, son. Have I not taught you the salvation of the soul?"

"Yes—and did you not baptize and name me?"

"I have been the only priest in this vicinity for more than forty years."

"You have records?"

The old man nodded and a questioning look flickered in his keen gray eyes.

"I would see them."

"Impossible; they are the secrets of the church. Come," he reminded, "it is past sundown and the goats are out. I hear the coyotes barking in the distance. Begone to your work."

The young Indian sprang to the side of the priest and raised his hand in anger.

"Lower thy hand, son, no one strikes a priest."

"Father—forgive me," and a look of shame overspread his face, "I wish to know the secret of my birth."

"Secret—is there one?"

"Mother Maria, an old Indian wine maker—"

"Troublesome old woman," muttered the priest. "I sent her hence years ago. What ill-fated day crossed her path with yours?"

"Even an Indian has a father and a mother. You have taught me to think—and now you forbid me to do so."

"You misunderstand me. I ask that you think only of your soul and of our work here at the mission."

The Indian did not answer. The priest looked upon him with tenderness and noted his discontent. Their eyes met in a mutual steadfast gaze that went deep into the heart of each.

"Kanelo," the Father spoke slowly, "I am going to break a promise made to your mother and tell you of your own people. Your father was a white man and—"

"A white man!" with a cry of rage the Indian repeated the words and leaped into the air. "Why, then, did he not give me a white skin rather than the curse of a red one?"

"Calm yourself, and listen to my words. Your father was a trapper and your mother

a Kaliwa Indian. He came down the Colorado River headed for the plains of San Felipe. The little village of Trinidad was ablaze with Indian festivities when he came riding by. The white man was welcomed and a few hours later he slipped out of camp taking with him a beautiful girl whose marriage would have been celebrated on the morrow."

"And did her people not follow?"

"Yes, but whisky is the undoing of the savage. By the time they wakened the runaways were well on the trail."

"You have taught me the ways of my pale-faced father. My Indian mother loved a white man and now her half-Indian son loves a white woman."

"No, son, she never loved him."

"No?"

"And she died of a broken heart."

"My mother," breathed Kanelo. "Tell me more."

"Your father married her at the San Telmo mission. Later she fell ill and he abandoned her on the desert of San Felipe. I found the two of you and brought you here. She soon grieved herself to death. Ah, my boy, this crossing of the races brings naught but sorrow and despair."

"What became of my father?"

"I had hoped you would not ask. He feared the Kaliwas and married her thinking that would save him. When they learned of the desertion they hunted him down and a coyote would have fared better at their hands."

The young man moaned and his strong features were distorted with suffering. He hung his head in shame.

"A white man may love an Indian woman," his voice vibrated with emotion, "but a white woman never loves an Indian man. Curses on the race which produces such as I!"

"My boy, I had hoped that you would some time wear the robe of brotherhood, but—go to your people to the north of here. It is many miles—but go. Choose an Indian maid and bring her here. A wife will turn the current of your thought and cure the madness which now tears your heart. The blessing of the church goes with you."

It was summer time in the vale of the Trinidad and the descendants of the ancient Kaliwas were gathered in merry-making. Broken were all tribal ties and the pure blood of centuries past was weakened and degenerated by that of the alien, but enough remained to magnetize into one group the few who remembered the customs of their forefathers.

Kanelo stood apart and refused to dance. They were his people and to please Father Kent he had come among them. He looked for the first time upon his own kin and felt a great chasm yawning between. Their slovenly appearance and methods of exist-

ence repulsed him. The girls were passable but the mothers—lazy, gossipy, unclean creatures and just such would the daughters become when the bloom of youth had fled. He would have none of them because Father Kent had taught him to clean his teeth and brush his hair.

Kanelo, as a cultured Indian, stood alone, a mongrel product of his time, a white man's heart and an Indian's body, the brain of the one lifting him up and the tendency of the other holding him down. He loathed his own people as the white race loathed him. The good mission Father, in his kindness, could not take the curse of the half-breed from off his shoulders.

The unhappy half-Indian watched his chance and slipped away from the camp of the Kaliwas. He turned his back on his mother's people and faced the desert. Swift as the arrow unto which he had been likened, he shot out into the night and was soon lost in the sheltering gloom.

The July sun, like a ball of fire, hung low in the western sky. The hot sands scorched the feet of Kanelo and the next waterhole was several miles beyond. He sank down beside a giant cactus and closed his eyes.

From out the mystic silence of the desert came a sound which brought him to his feet with all the primitive alertness of his nature. The howl of the coyote, the cry of the wild cat, the muffled jump of the rabbit, the hiss of the reptile—all such sounds he understood and could name before the first note died away. He listened—it came again and he knew it to be the crazed moaning of white men lost in the burning wilderness.

The instinct of the savage led him to the spot and he looked down into the blood-shot eyes of the white girl who had unconsciously made him realize the difference that existed between her race and his. He knelt at her side and raised his water carrier to her lips.

"No—no, the others first," and she pushed it from her.

"Water—water," moaned her father, holding up his hands in pleading.

Kanelo looked at the supply, scarcely a cupful, and four people dying from the need of it. Calculated the drops and gave the first to the father, who clutched his hands and sobbed words of gratitude. To the aunt next he gave a portion and then turned to Lieut. Rogers, the man who had won the heart of Mariquita. He hesitated to give him the life-saving drops.

"Let him die," he hissed between his teeth.

The white man sensed the hatred of the red one and cringed beneath his burning stare. He summoned all his remaining strength and snatched the water bottle.

"No—no, Mariquita," cried Kanelo, but it was too late. Not a drop remained for the unselfish girl.

The Indian's body quivered with rage and he reached for the white man's throat.

"Oh, spare him, he is crazed with suffering and not responsible for his act." And the girl fell unconscious at his feet.

With a cry of distress Kanelo snatched the modern water carriers from the white man's outfit and disappeared in the gathering dusk. Ten miles to the nearest water-hole and ten barz. The Arrow flew over the boundless waste. Mariquita should have water before the midnight moon crossed the cloudless sky.

The Indian had returned and there was water to spare. Even the trusty burros had slaked their thirst. The two men and the aunt were sleeping and Mariquita had regained consciousness.

"Kanelo, where are you?" and the girl groped in the dark.

"Here, Mariquita, what is it?"

"I—I thought we were going to die. I prayed for you and—"

"How came you here?" interrupted the Indian.

"Auntie insisted on visiting the rancho of the Savellos and Mr. Rogers said we could save time by cutting across the desert."

"Stupid," mumbled Kanelo. "No white man can cross these trackless sands in summertime."

"I begged father to send for you to guide us over but he said it was quite unnecessary."

The girl could not see the look of hatred, emotion, cunning and triumph—one after the other, which stole across the face of her dark companion. She trusted him and closed her eyes in rest.

The light of stars was dim but Kanelo continued his task with crafty skill. Into a cup of water he trickled the milky juice of a plant he had gathered on his return from the waterhole.

"Sleep! Sleep!" he whispered into the night air as he placed the cup to the lips of the white men. "Mariquita, too, shall have a drop and when you—men of the white race—waken—"

"Kanelo—another drink, please, and what is that terrible noise—it hurts?" And the voice of Mariquita interrupted his thoughts.

"Tis only the coyote calling to his fellows. Go to sleep, then Indian will keep watch. Tomorrow you will need strength."

"Tomorrow—will there be a tomorrow?" sighed the girl, as drowsiness overcame her.

"A tomorrow? Yes." The voice of the Indian thrilled with happiness. "A new day will dawn for the hated redskin." And he sat down to keep watch and bide his time. A film of events and emotions, like a moving picture passed before his closed eyes. The girl of his dreams lay sleeping near and her keepers were in his power. Many hours would pass before they awakened and then

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

A TALE OF THE OLD SPANISH DAYS.

The Hate House. By E. Niall Breene.

"ADRIENNE DE COURTEENAY!" If there was anything needed to complete the mystery and romance of this strange, old, half-decayed house, almost hidden in a sheltered cove of the great rock-strewn arroyo, it was this name with its hint of the long ago. Carved on a projecting beam of the gray ruined house, almost covered with the sprays of an aristocratic rose that flung its fragrance prodigally on the air, it seemed the very keynote of the place. All about it the huge pepper trees, gay with crimson berries, sighed in the breeze. From the top of the weather-worn, decrepit barn came the subdued cooing of pigeons, while near the corner of the house a hive of wild bees hummed drowsily. Suddenly in the late afternoon I had come upon it, and lost in its charm had lingered until the shadows grew long. Then I had trudged on through the purple twilight to see old John Saenz and have him unravel for me the mystery of the place and the name.

John Saenz, relic of the days of Alta California, is a splendid failure in the eyes of the world, but he can tell much of the romance of those gay old times, and I prize the tales.

That night as we sat out on his porch in the white moonlight, old John puffing away on his pipe, I asked for the story of the deserted house in the arroyo and more particularly of Adrienne de Courtenay. After a long silence he began:

"I like to remember Adrienne as I saw her on that first day when the shadows of sorrow and hatred were alike unknown to her. It happened just down from the ranch-house, where the river comes around the bend. There was a hedge of scarlet geraniums underneath the long line of pepper trees that flanked the road, and as she stood there with the geraniums just coming to her waist and the long fronds of the pepper trees touching her dusky hair, she was a sight to make the blood in one's veins tingle.

"I threw my horse back on his haunches and stared. I had heard much of this daughter of old Julian de Courtenay—perhaps it was even that which persuaded me to try for work on her father's rancho, for youth loves beauty and I was young then; but I was not prepared for Adrienne. As I say, I sat and stared for almost a minute. Then she turned and looked me over carelessly as though I were a bit of the landscape, and I blushing furiously like the great sheepish calf that I was, drove the spurs into my horse and bolted for the time the courtship of Adrienne.

"During the summer a band of horse thieves had stolen horses from a good many of the ranchos. Several times they had nearly been caught, but each time they had managed to make good their escape. All that was known was the fact that there were three; two of them were evidently Mexicans, but the third was a gringo and some one who was familiar with the neighboring ranchos. More than that no one could tell. Old Julian was greatly worried about the thieves, for he was a heavy loser and so far no one had been caught.

"One day about this time a cousin of the foreman's, who worked for Don Castro, a neighbor of Julian's, came riding up to the house as I was driving a bunch of young colts over to the home pasture. He was an oily sort of fellow, not like our McVane, and I never could quite understand what Bob saw in him. Nevertheless he always watched over him carefully when there was trouble brewing in town. They looked as much alike as brothers, but there the likeness ended, for John McVane was a weak-kneed man and crooked as could be at cards. When I told him that Bob was over in the north pasture and would not be back until late in the afternoon, John frowned a moment and then asked me to deliver a note. I was tempted to refuse, for in those days a man did not write notes. He asked you to tell so and so, and that was all. McVane was already writing the note, however, so I promised to give it to Bob. I put it in the bunk-house and forgot all about it until evening when I was getting ready to go to town. Then suddenly I remembered, and giving it to McVane, I went on to the house to get a note that I was to take to the Senora Ybarra for Adrienne. As I stood on the porch with the vines almost hiding me from view, I saw McVane come out of the bunk-house and go straight to the barn. In a moment he was back again leading his horse. He went into the bunk-house again for a moment and then came out. Springing lightly into the saddle, he rode out to the road, and as he passed I noticed that he wore a heavy frown. Just as he went through the gate, he put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out his long gauntlet gloves. As he did so, a little piece of paper fluttered to the ground. I called to him, but he did not seem to hear her arm she had tucked the coat that Julian had given her.

"There was little of the Indian about Adrienne unless it was in her lithe, young body. She was tall and straight as a sapling, with big black eyes and wonderful dark hair, a queer, almost transparent complexion and a mouth like the bud of a crimson rose, but what I loved most were her long, white hands—Ah! they were things to dream of. Pretty faces were plentiful in those days, and dainty feet, too, but there were few hands like those of Adrienne. She had a queer little habit of

letting them stray up toward her throat and I grew to watch for it with a joy that I could hardly explain. At the convent school she had learned to play and sing, and her's was always the gayest voice at a fiesta. Besides all this was a tidy fortune that Villa de Courtenay, her uncle, had left to Adrienne. It was little wonder then that this house of Julian de Courtenay's became a center of gaiety, with pretty girls from the neighboring ranchos and all the pick of the country in men. Old Julian's eyes never left Adrienne in those evenings, always with a look of awe he would sit watching until the last one had said good-by.

"I think we were all more or less in love with Adrienne, but she had eyes for just one man among us. She was so fine and dignified that none of us would have dared make advances except him, Bob McVane was the foreman of the ranch. Clean at cards, slender, well-built and reckless, the best rider on old Julian's range, he was a man to take the heart of any maid. To him Adrienne had given her love in spite of old Julian's dreams.

"When Julian found that this was the state of affairs he spoke his mind freely. Hitherto Adrienne had always seemed a quiet girl, obedient in all things as the daughter of a Frenchman should be, but her father had not reckoned with her Cree blood and now it came to the surface. He might argue with her, yes, even threaten, but the wild blood had chosen its mate and the Indian in Adrienne refused to yield.

"So the summer went on with old De Courtenay opposing and Adrienne stubbornly refusing to listen until the old man was nearly beside himself with rage, and even Manuel, the assured, began to doubt his ability to win Adrienne. For the time, all the country could talk of nothing else. Old De Courtenay was too proud to discharge the foreman and expose his weakness, and besides he was afraid of what Adrienne might do. Then a new excitement sprang up and the countryside forgot for the time the courtship of Adrienne.

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letting them stray up toward her throat and I grew to watch for it with a joy that I could hardly explain. At the convent school she had learned to play and sing, and her's was always the gayest voice at a fiesta. She was no more or less in love with old Julian than I was with Bob McVane. When I looked at her round eyes, for she had begun to see, I could hardly believe that she was the same girl who had come over and had told you, John, that we had seen the last of our friend Adrienne. Then the senora came over and put her arms around Adrienne. I saw that it was no time for me, so I went out.

"Adrienne sat still in her chair. She

had not forgotten you when you had come

out to the old days and

had out his arms appealingly.

"Adrienne, he cried, Adrienne, it is

years now that I have

been here.

"Adrienne, he said, when I had

seen the last of our

friend Adrienne.

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Saturday, January 25, 1911.

A Crew of 49ers. By A. T. Hertz.

THE GOLDEN GLOW OF PIONEER DAYS.

Los Angeles Times

he began, in high key, and broke off suddenly.

"I'm glad you were man enough to stop right there," Pitney calmly asserted. "Of course you care. Every right-minded man cares to know that any woman he meets, no matter how casually, is what in his heart of hearts he wants her to be."

Lew Hamlin is Martha's half-brother. I never knew his mother, but Lew must have been copied after her side of the house. He's no more like his father than a stick in the mud's like a star in a bright sky.

"Hamlin was too easy-going to amount to anything, but he wasn't vicious. His first wife died when Lew was a baby. Hamlin bought an ox team and drove with the child from his home in Western New York to Cincinnati. That's where I first knew him. Soon after his arrival there he married Lizzie Doane, Martha's mother, and as nice a woman as ever lived. He was a good deal of a wanderer, Hamlin was, and soon set out for a point farther west. He got as far as Ottawa, in the State of Illinois, and there his funds gave out, and there he had to stay, working at whatever he could get to do. He was no manager—just a dreamer; that's the worst you could say of him. He was always going to do some great thing, and in the meantime he let all the possible things get away from him. He objected to having his wife work, but she was obliged to take in sewing on the sly in order to provide food for the family.

"When Martha was about 6 years old her mother died, and the little girl assumed the responsibilities of a housekeeper. It was pitiful to see how the father depended upon her, more and more from day to day.

Lew was no earthly account. When he was only a little shaver he drank and swore and played cards. He ran away two or three times, and when he got hungry and had no friends he would work on Martha's sympathies until she sent him every cent that she and her father could scrape together, to get the prodigal back. When he what a sacred treasure a woman is until

was about 18, I think, he made a wild break of it. He stashed off on a Mississippi River steamer and gambled his way to New Orleans, where he soon lost his pile and sent home for help. As it happened, there wasn't a penny in the house; so Mr. Lew had to shift for himself. He finally made his way around to New York, and then to Boston; and that was the last I heard of him until today."

"He told me he came from Bath, Me.," Joe volunteered.

"Likely as not. He probably shipped from there when he came to California. But he doesn't belong anywhere."

Joe thought of Martha's long struggle. His mind pictured her as he had last seen her, strong under the burden of her own suffering, forgetting herself and thinking of the welfare of others. "My best wishes go with you," she had said. What did this portend?

"How did Miss Hamlin get out here?" he asked.

Pitney gave several long puffs at his pipe before answering. "I'm glad to hear you say that," he said at last. "I didn't like your sneering attitude; but doubtless there was some reason for it. I imagine that some woman has wronged you in some way, so that you have become embittered and lost faith in all womankind. That isn't fair. Why don't you think of the dozens of faithful, self-sacrificing women you know, instead of concentrating your thoughts on the one selfish creature who happened to hurt you? That's the way with us. We let one bad action outweigh thousands of good ones."

"I want to tell you right now, too, that your life is not worth living without a good woman to share it with you; and if you succeed in winning such a woman's love, get down on your knees and thank God, in all reverence, for the supreme blessing which that she and her father could scrape together, to get the prodigal back. When he what a sacred treasure a woman is until

you've had the misfortune to lose it, that we can't appreciate our good fortune until we lose it."

"I should never have come out here if my wife hadn't died. I simply couldn't stay on in the old house without her. After a man lives with a woman twenty-five years she gets to be a part of him, and the better part, let me tell you. The Bible's right when it says 'they are no more twain, but one flesh.' She is 'bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh,' and when she goes, the light goes out of his life. All the music and beauty are gone."

"You young cubs have a little spat with your sweethearts—girls, likely as not, that you wouldn't go across the road to meet if they'd turn and come toward you—and then you think you know all about women. You—"

"We know enough to keep away from them all," Joe fiercely interrupted.

"I don't know about that," Pitney went on. "My experience has been that when a man gets to talking that way, he's just about ripe for another risk—don't sputter. This is free information; I'm giving it to you as I pass along."

"You asked about Martha. I don't know how she got out here, I'm sure. I haven't seen her since I lost my wife, over two years ago. I left Ottawa then, and haven't been back since. I heard, though, that she married a lawyer by the name of Woodley, a fine young fellow. I knew him very well."

"Where is he?" Joe asked, forgetting his spleen.

"At the mines, probably. I wonder at his leaving her in Lew's care. I'd have stayed back there with her this afternoon, but she seemed so distressed over the situation that I thought it would be a comfort to her to have me out of the way. She was always reticent, and very sensitive over the shortcomings of the family."

"She was a wonderful girl," Pitney continued. "I never saw her equal. She kept

hills as he crossed the bay to New England. Martha welcomed her visitor with a smile, to look out for him. She had no such a soul as he. I must ask you to pardon me for her very self-delusion, for her desire to be here, for her desire to be here for the sake of her old mother. I had the misfortune to be here on that toilsome, roundabout

journey, the old man gave up his life

tirely, and allowed her to support him, while he spent his time in planning to resume his

wanderings westward as soon as they could

lay by enough money. Perhaps that's the

solution of the problem—probably the father induced the young couple to come out here with him."

"Don't rack your brain over it, Pitney,"

Joe said, assuming an indifferent air. "I don't know why I asked such a useless question. It's time to go to sleep, anyway," he added, turning over and drawing his blanket about him. "We have a long, hot day before us tomorrow. Good-night."

But the minutes dragged by, and the hours came and found Joe still awake. Rebellious as he was, the story of that sweet-voiced woman—another man's wife—held his impatient mind in thrall. He determined to speak no more of her to Pitney. At last he fell asleep, vowing to listen to no further reminiscences.

And he kept his word. In the hurry and bustle of the morning, he eagerly discussed the prospects of finding gold. Influenced by the strong and lasting friendship that was formed during the close comradeship of that trying journey, he gave and received many confidences of the far-away past. As the two wanderers drew nearer to Sacramento, their thoughts turned again to current events; but Joe carefully guided and kept the conversation in the safe channel of the immediate present and the future. Often Pitney would turn and look back, and "wonder if—" and he could get no further; for even as he began to speak, Joe had turned a deaf ear, and hurried onward. In that way the younger man stubbornly fought against the new influence until the companions crossed the ferry and separated at the embarcadero, Pitney to make his preparations to set out for the northern mines, Joe, to seek his friends in the "city."

[To be continued.]

The Red-ribbed Rattler on Sunset Knoll.

BY FREDERICK HAROLD BEACH.

"OSCULATION," said Dr. Merriway, "is like vaccination; it hardens the system against future invasion. Have all the ideals about women and love that you can stomach, my boy, but watch out! What with that strait-laced little college and your exile in South America, you are about as prepared to deal with modern women as a medieval hermit."

"It isn't so essential that I marry," objected young Clayton.

"Of course not! Much better not! But what chance have you? You'll go off like an overloaded blast the moment some pretty girl with her cap set for your fortune touches your little finger or lets her silken locks blow across your chin!"

"Love isn't entirely physical."

"Infection spreads through contact, though, and women, consciously or unconsciously, make use of that fact—from the appealing help-me-across-the-brook attitude to the deliberate fraud of sprained ankles and overturned canoes. You are not safe, I tell you, at a summer resort of all places."

"Who is not safe, and why?" asked a languid voice behind them.

Both men turned to face the girl who had silently approached from the trees at their backs.

"I was napping in my hammock when the doctor's growl woke me up," she went on easily, as the men offered their seats. "Now do tell me what the excitement is; there's been nothing thrilling for weeks." She yawned prettily. "Excuse me; I'm hardly awake."

"I was saying, Miss Enderly, that one isn't safe in these mountains on account of snakes," declared the doctor, unabashed. "A ten-button rattler was killed only a few rods up the canyon this morning."

"Oh, snakes!" The girl made a grimace of disappointment. "You must be quite used to snakes, Mr. Clayton?"

"I've killed dozens," he replied, albeit modestly. "The native tricks—if you have the nerve to practice them—make it as easy as slapping mosquitoes. So the doctor needn't worry."

"There be snakes and snakes," Merriway commented grimly. "Have you seen the tame one up at Tom's cabin, Miss Enderly? He captured it several years ago and had a young surgeon up here remove its poison glands. Keeps it in a bird cage, with a

dear little red ribbon tied on its tail, and makes it rattle for the ladies."

"Ugh!" shuddered the girl, "what a nasty pet!"

"De gustibus—" growled the doctor.

The talk drifted on, still about snakes (which upon occasion offer as wide a field for imaginative anecdote as fish) until the girl arose.

"I don't like your conversation," she declared, with a laugh, as she moved away.

"But, if I go up the canyon in the morning, I'll look at Tom's snake—from a distance."

The eyes of both men followed the retreating figure.

"A stunning girl," Merriway admitted.

"Stunning is right!"

The cynical man of medicine chuckled.

"The joke being," suggested Clayton, "that she is now plotting my capture! Bah!"

"She has to," retorted Merriway, "before some other scheming female stages a touching scene, and—"

Claydon rose angrily.

"You make me tired! I may be an ass, a tongue-tied simpleton when it comes to modern courtship, but I'm primitive enough to insist upon being the pursuer in the game. The girl I marry I'm going to win—not succumb to!"

"Oh, you'll think so," persisted the doctor. "You can trust—er—Miss Enderly, for instance, not to pull off anything so trifling as a sprained ankle, or—"

"Excuse me; I'm getting mad." And the boy strode away in the direction taken by the girl.

Looking after the stalwart form of his best friend's son, Merriway smiled shrewdly.

From his seat on the porch next evening, the doctor observed the young couple strolling off toward Sunset Knoll.

"H-m-m, the boy's gaining courage," he commented silently. "They've picked the right spot; but ten to one he doesn't get through without prompting."

The sunset fire, the doctor's cigar and his vigil patience were alike becoming ashes when the loiterers reappeared. They approached slowly; he held her arm close to his side; when he spoke their shadowy silhouettes merged into one.

"It's done!" exulted the doctor, quietly.

"Now, to settle my bet, who did it?"

Ruth, as she came lightly up the steps, laughed at his pretense of being famished.

"It isn't quite time for hibernating, is it? But now you have the privilege of dining with a hero. He just saved my life—though I promised not to tell." She smiled, with assurance of forgiveness, at the confused Ralph, and passed through the lobby entrance.

"What's this? What's this? Saved her life! What's she mean?" demanded Merriway, astounded.

"She's joking," protested Ralph, backing toward the door. "A rattler crawled out of the brush near us, and—well—I just caught his tail as he struck and swung his head against a rock—a Chilean native trick—simple as stepping on a bug." He reached the entry, turned and bolted.

"Ophidian interference," murmured Merriway, as he slowly followed. "My bet seems to be off. But I wonder—m'm—"

It was perhaps only natural that the doctor should make Sunset Knoll the objective of his next morning's constitutional. There, it required no Sherlock to determine where any couple would sit to view the sunset, or which was the clump of chaparral from which a disturbed rattler would make his sinuous appearance.

The doctor prodded gingerly with his cane among the dry crisp leaves. A piece of twine caught his eye. Economically minded, he stooped and picked it up, giving it a tug to free its length from the leaves. It snaked somewhere under the brush, gave gradually, then sprang loose bringing to light a dangling rectangle of thin wood. Half hidden beneath the chaparral a small box lay embedded in the soil.

Before he had time to conjecture as to the nature of such a contraption, a flat angular head emerged from the box followed by a diamond-marked body. The doctor raised his stick and started a hasty retreat. Then, abruptly, he stopped, lowered his cane and stared in amazement. For upon the knotty button of the rattler which glided ingratiatingly toward him was tied a faded red ribbon.

A tame snake confined in a box from which it could be released at the pull of a string conveniently placed.

"Maybe I win my bet after all," mused Merriway. "The boy must never find out—but who would have thought a girl capable of—"

"Good morning."

The doctor wheeled. Ralph was at his elbow.

"Well, sir," Merriway blustered, carelessly tossing the telltale twine from him, "never saw you up so early before! Returning to visit the scene of your crime?"

"Crime?" stammered the boy, flushing. "I—"

The neglected snake at the doctor's feet stirred and its button vibrated shrilly. Ralph sprang back with a startled cry.

"It's harmless," the doctor hastened to assure him. "It's Tom's old fangless pet. I bought it from him and am taking it out for its morning-wiggle."

"But I killed that snake last night!" exclaimed the boy, staring incredulously at the red ribbon.

"This snake! Then you knew that—"

But Ralph was wading through the brush. Thirty feet away he stooped, picked up something, and returning, dropped beside the doctor the dead body of a five-foot diamond-back. His face was pale as he gazed at the snake's crushed head.

"If I had known it was a real whole snake that crawled out of there last night, I'd never have dared try to snap him," he said, quietly. "I seem to be a bloomin' hero after all."

"But—how did you know she had put the other one there?"

"She? She?" the youth exploded. "Why, you cynical old idiot! So that's why you lied so outrageously just now! Bless your old heart—I bought Tom's snake and put it in that box myself."

"You?"

"I thought that if there was any truth in your theory, it ought to work both ways," murmured Clayton, naively.

"And may I assume then," pursued the doctor, drawing out his knife, "that if we remove and preserve this beautiful rattle it may come in handy—for a future generation?"

"You may—you old beast."

And the two men drew close to each other in a hand clasp that was almost an embrace.

Recent Notable Cartoons.

Saturday, January 22, 1916.

Los Angeles Times

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL OF EAGLE ROCK.

Della of the Dahlias. By Henry Christeen Warnack.

DELLA BANSHEE, a child of twelve, lived with her parents in a small cove near Eagle Rock, a suburb of lovely Los Angeles. Her father, a kindly invalid about 37 years of age, had been a college professor in the East, but broken health had forced him to seek the softer clime of Southern California, and this picturesque little nest he had selected for his small family because it was within easy reach of his meager means.

After paying for the five acres the place contained, and building a little two-room California house upon it, his resources were exhausted, but by working in the garden through the day and by writing at night, he managed to make enough to keep his wife, his little daughter and himself from actual want.

Mrs. Banshee, like her husband, was a New Englander. She was a frail little lady of thirty, who might have been Della's elder sister, and of a type utterly unfit to cope with the world when the shadow that was over her husband would have finally taken him from her side.

In this environment little Della was growing up, a thoughtful yet happy child with a pensive way about her that made an instant appeal to strangers.

It was the habit of Della's parents to send her into the city about twice a week with a market basket on her arm. She carried to town eggs or choice vegetables and returned with the proceeds invested in household necessities.

One day the child's eyes were surprised and held by a dahlia of great beauty in a show window on South Main street. The window was a combination seed and implement store with a window full of blossoms, placed there for the purpose of advertising the seeds, plants and bulbs.

Little Della was looking with longing at the queenly flower when a clerk in the door noticed the child and inquired if he might serve her. She was fingering some pennies which she held in her open hand and she now eagerly inquired if she might not buy one of the dahlia roots for the money she had. The clerk paused a minute in amusement and was on the point of telling the little girl the value of the tuber when a gentleman, who was a liberal patron of the place, emerged from the store.

John Vandemere had succeeded in life while life was at its best and, although only 40 years of age, he had retired to enjoy his hobbies of golf and gardening. He had built for himself a little castle on a delightful hill near Eagle Rock, which gave him the advantages of the Country Club at Annandale, plenty of room for gardening and a college for his young son, since Occidental lay almost at the foot of his castle hill.

Vandemere's keen eyes were swift to comprehend the little drama being enacted before him, and, quite without Della suspecting anything of the situation, he nodded to the clerk to give her the coveted dahlia root and to charge it to his own account. A minute later the child had departed with her treasure and there was an added drop to her cup of happiness because the clerk had given her not only the root but the blossom as well. Mr. Vandemere was poorer by five dollars in cash but richer for a blessed experience.

That evening as John Vandemere stood on his hilltop to sweep the splendid view with his field glasses, he saw a golden-haired child planting something with love and delight in a tiny corner of an old garden. And the man smiled, not because he recognized the child or remembered her dahlia, but because he, too, was a gardener.

Two years later as the sun was setting on another golden day in California, little Della stole from the tiny vine-clad rustic house with a handkerchief to her eyes and hurried to confide her grief among the many stately dahlias, now blooming in the corner where she had planted the one root which she had brought home with such triumph in what now seemed the long ago.

Inside the cot, her gentle father slept, and, child though she was, she knew what it meant that never again would he stand at the garden gate to welcome her return in the evening as she came swinging through the lane of pines, her market basket on her

arm. As she thought of all his love had been to her, there was in her grief no selfish thought of the hard days in store for her mother and herself, now that her father had laid aside the bread-winning pen and the irksome garden tools.

As she wept out her heart among the dahlias, a strange yet gentle hand touched the glory of her loose-blown hair.

"I beg your pardon," a sweet voice said, "but your flowers are so beautiful, I stopped to see them and I wanted to know if you would sell me some."

Slowly lifting her head, the child looked upon her gracious visitor's loveliness, and said, "Won't you please help yourself? Take all that you want."

The woman smiled. "It is not the blossoms I want," she said, "it is the roots I wish to buy. This one," and she pointed to a rare beauty, "is exceedingly valuable. You can not dig them now, but when you have cut the flowers and the roots are seasoned, I want you to send me four of them to this address."

She handed the child her card and with it twenty dollars.

"Oh, I couldn't take so much," Della exclaimed, but the lady waved her a pleasant good by as she said, "But surely you know their value. These are worth five dollars a root, wherever they are to be had, and not many are on the market at any price."

Della sat stunned. For the moment she almost forgot the great sorrow within her heart. Then, as she yet pondered, there somehow came to her mind a logical idea that related what the woman had told her about her flowers to her own difficult position. She and her mother had nothing now to keep them from need, other than their little garden, but if what this beautiful lady said was true, then they need never want for anything.

"Why, I could even go to college," she said half aloud, and she turned her eyes to where the last sun rays beat in golden blazes against the window panes of Occidental until each window was like a sheet of flame.

A week later Della went to the Main street store with some of her blossoms and asked the clerk what the roots were worth.

"I should think you could get five dollars apiece for as many as you can spare," he told her, "and for the cut blossoms, you ought to get from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. Any of the flower shops will give you one dollar a dozen for them."

Then he pointed out other dahlias she had in her bouquet and told her of the respective worth of these. The roots of some readily brought from one dollar to three dollars among florists, while others might be had for fifty cents. "You are a very rich little gardener," he told her.

Now this was the same clerk from whom she bought her first tuber, but he did not recall her until she reminded him of the incident.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "how I remember very well. That was Mr. Vandemere's doing, but you must never, never tell. I would only lose a good customer for talking so much. I took your pennies because he told me to and he paid for the dahlia."

"And I can't even thank him?" she asked. The clerk shook his head in sharp negation. "It would never do in the world," he assured her.

That night Della looked at the card of the lady who had left her order and the money. "Mrs. John Vandemere, Castle Hill, Eagle Rock," it read.

The next spring Della sent the four dahlia roots to the lady and with them a twenty-dollar bill, but she made no explanation. She felt that she was paying a debt on which she would owe interest all of her life, but the twenty dollars was no great matter for her now because her dahlias brought independence and she was planting her whole garden with them.

At fifteen, Della's great dream came true. She was a pupil at Occidental.

Entering his freshman year, and in Della's class, was John Vandemere, Jr., aged seventeen, and, despite Della's diffidence, a fine boy-and-girl friendship sprang between them.

They were friends and rivals at once. In class debates they easily led the rest, but it

hurt John's gallantry that he must sometimes win over Della, and Della's loyalty was often wounded because she must win from John. Thus they went through their four happy college years. If John was captain of the football team, Della became captain of the basketball team. If John won the junior gold medal for oratory, Della would win a like honor in composition. In their final year their names alone came up for first honors and John, being the better politician, was not a little responsible for the fact that Della was class president.

There was only one cloud to shadow John's happiness. It was that he had never been permitted to accompany Della home or to call upon her in the evening. In a vague way he knew that she lived somewhere beyond the line of pines that led to where some curious people had a big garden in which they grew nothing but one kind of flower. This much he knew because after class hours Della sometimes graciously permitted him to carry her textbooks halfway down this enchanted lane, but there she always dismissed him and stood laughing at his reluctant retreat. At the other end of this avenue of stately old pines John would pause for a final glimpse of her as she flashed by the shadow of the last kindly sentinel, but never could he see whether she disappeared.

Sometimes, when their class was spreading a picnic upon the broad wings and bald head of Eagle Rock, he would tease her to point out her home, but she never would.

Once, during the last vacation, between their junior and senior years, he had actually strolled by her garden and had stopped to inquire of a pretty boy in overalls if he knew where Della lived.

"Nope," sang the boy without looking up from the gasoline engine which helped the irrigation process along and which he was industriously mending. When John disappeared the boy looked up with shining impudent face and lifted his big straw hat to let down a luxury of light brown hair.

"Foil," hissed Della in mock earnestness, and then she burst into peals of laughter. Meanwhile, John had proceeded on a quest that proved vain, for he appeared no more that summer.

Came graduation time with all the glad days of commencement. There was a big party that last merry week and it was held in John's splendid home. The hour was late and the moon was high, when, upon the veranda, among fragrant blossoming vines, John told Della of how the only commencement in life for him would be their wedding day.

Without answering him, Della, swiftly as a swallow's dip, darted from his presence. For the minute he did not follow her, but sat with bowed head, asking his heart many questions.

Straight to John's father went Della now. She found him in a little study quietly smoking, the lamp turned low, and an open book lying across one knee. Della's entrance was soft, but Mr. Vandemere looked up with a smiling welcome.

"Did I disturb you?" she asked.

"You never could," he answered.

"Oh, please don't be gallant," she said, "this is terribly serious."

Whereat, her host assumed a mock earnestness and then with twinkling eyes, inquired: "Not come to ask for the hand of my only son in honorable wedlock, surely?"

Della's answer was to burst into tears. Vandemere arose and tried to comfort her in a delicate, fatherly manner.

"You don't know, you don't know," she sobbed. "Oh, I ought not to have come, I ought not to have allowed him to go on. You won't believe me, but I have tried to play fair. Why, he doesn't even know where I live."

"But what of it?" asked Mr. Vandemere in all seriousness now and with a touch of severity. "Doesn't he love you, has he hurt you, where is he now?" he demanded, all in a breath.

Then he started to leave her as if to find the boy, but Della detained him with a delicate hand laid lightly upon his sleeve.

"You don't understand," she said. "I don't really belong—I haven't a fine home, nice clothes and beautiful friends like your

son and the rest. I am just a flower girl."

"Yes," responded Mr. Vandemere, "that is just what you are—a flower girl. No, by George, you are more than that! You are a flower yourself—and I think if I were John's age, I would call you the flower of the world."

"But, Mr. Vandemere," Della insisted, "you still do not understand. I am a flower girl—I am the dahlia girl. I sell dahlias for a living for myself and my mother. That is how I paid my way through college. And it was all you and only you—to you I owe everything. It was you who bought me my first dahlia and from it has come all the good my life has known since the death of my own dear father."

"I" he questioned, amazed.

"You," she answered, and then she told him the story.

"And now," she concluded, "can't you see your son from you?"

"Take my son," he almost shouted, "by Heavens, if you don't take him, he need never show his face to me again."

With a little cry of joy, Della started to leave the room.

"Wait," called Vandemere, "I want two things first. Since you have been sitting here, something comes back to me. Your name is Banshee. It couldn't have been—no, no, of course not. You couldn't have been gold old Banshee, of Yale?"

"My father taught there," she said, simply, "until—"

"Until," broke in Vandemere, "his health broke and he dropped out of sight and buried himself with that pride of his until the hearts of a dozen of us were half broken by the loss of him. Now, where is that boy?"

"But," said Della, timidly, "you said two things, did you not?"

"I certainly did," he answered, "but the other does not need words." And then he cheated young John out of Della's first kiss.

Curious Ways of the Cassowary.

That natural boxer, the cassowary, is the only species of bird, except perhaps the ostrich, whose methods of defense and attack are forward kicks. The cassowary kicks "straight out," like a man, and his ability in this relation might well be envied by any athlete.

Another peculiar characteristic of the cassowary is seen in his fondness for performing a sort of war dance over any object that attracts his attention. A cassowary once came upon a piece of gaudy ribbon blown inside his inclosure in a zoological garden. Now this cassowary was one of the smallest of the collection, but he was of a martial temper. After a careful examination of the ribbon he began his war dance, maintaining it with great vigor for some time. While he was at the height of his pleasure a larger cassowary approached and endeavored to interfere with the dance. The smaller bird suffered this interference for a few minutes, but finally he determined that it was no longer to be endured. When the larger bird tried to oust him from the spot in order that he, in turn, might prance about the ribbon, the younger resented the intrusion in no uncertain fashion.

The two creatures were ill-matched in height, one being about five feet and the other a foot or more shorter. But the battle that ensued demonstrated that among birds, as among men, weight and height do not always turn the balance. Forward kicks were the main feature of the combat. At first the blows were delivered chiefly on the breast, and did not do much damage; but eventually the smaller bird knocked the other out with a masterly stroke delivered by the long, sharp claw of the inferior toe on the wattles of his antagonist.

No fatal injury was done, but the shock must have been terrific, since the big bird retired in confusion, and the smaller resumed his war dance over the ribbon.

[Washington Star:] "Are you sure you thoroughly understand that question you attempt to decide?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum, "but I fancy I expressed myself in terms sufficiently obscure to prevent anybody else from taking enough interest to call me down."

Every tree, even up in the hills, had a sort of track, Tamalpais lifting his giant shoulders above us, and as we came out upon higher outlooks, the bay spread itself silverly below. Up and up and up, with ceanothus and manzanita clothing the exposed slopes, and the scent of everlasting flowers, fragrant as sweet memories, sweeping across the face at frequent intervals. The outer world was

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE MUIR WOODS.

Over Mt. Tamalpais. By Neeta Marquis.

FRANK NORRIS classed San Francisco as one of the only three-story cities in the United States. If there were to be 300 such cities counted up by other authoritative critics, San Francisco would always be one of them.

I love San Francisco in winter. Then the sky is more than likely to be a deep, intense blue, while the cobble-paved streets below are colorful with the flower stands which take up yards upon yards of curbing—tall golden and pink chrysanthemums, red Ulrich Brunner roses, burning purple violets, maidenhair ferns—all fresh and growing in the crisp, damp air. Then, there are the women in rich dark velvets and furs, with masses of orchids or violets pinned against them—vivid, picturesque, with heads bent to the keen moist wind blowing from the bay up the deep canyons of street. And there are the men with their attentive eyes, every one of them, from dray-driver to man-about-town, wearing a live, interested look for each passing graceful form, not obtrusive or disrespectful, but merely as much as to say:

"If you should chance to desire it, fair lady, my attention is yours for the lifting of an eyelash."

There be ladies who lift the eyelash, to be sure, but for those who do not, even Market street, that unique thoroughfare teeming with the life poured into it from its diagonal tributary streets and its commuting thousands steaming forth from the ferries, need possess no terrors, day or night.

San Francisco's atmosphere makes itself felt even after one has gone to bed in a downtown hotel, for a tipsy sailor sings under one's window one night and a Salvation Army cornet plays "That Sweet Glory of Old" the next, and if the fog rolls up toward morning, innocent sleep is shattered by the gruff, terrifying voice of a multiplied foghorn like the roar of a famished griffin located immediately under the bed, and one comes shuddering into consciousness, wondering if he is doomed to perish miserably before breakfast.

It was on a brilliantly blue morning two days after a clarifying rain that I stemmed the tide of commuters on Market street with the determination of making a pilgrimage to famous Muir Woods. I felt like a small salmon fighting my way up the rapids of the Columbia River, as I dodged and darted against the tide, finally achieving a place on the sun-washed forward deck of a Sausalito ferry.

A blue and golden sheen lay on the wide waters of the bay, and a soft pink morning light touched the Marin hills ahead. We landed where terraced houses, set amid eucalyptus and greener greens, faced the bay.

As we sped inland, the soft and lucent backwaters reflected the brown November hills on their still surface. Marshland went by, covered with tules, and an old-rose salt mossy growth, with willows and yerba manna. Autumnal trees—maples, elms and walnuts, with golden and scarlet leaves—gave an eastern touch, but roses in abundant bloom along the hedges proved that it was the West.

We started up Mt. Tamalpais, over what was announced to be the crookedest railroad in the world, its longest bit of straight track measuring 413 feet. The mountain itself is some 2600 feet high.

We shot into a canyon, damp from the recent rain, richly green with the fresh verdancy which marks this bay country. Shaggy redwoods, glossy bay leaves, aromatic as sandalwood, and dark California holly gleaming with crimson berries grew on either hand. Golden grape vines swung from the branches, while ferns grew luxuriantly at foot, the ground beneath the redwoods being ruddy with fallen leafage. Sycamores, with a scant but beautiful bronze foliage, were scattered over the canyon bed, and the northern madrones, shining of leaf, glistened up the mountainsides. The mountain air was like a draught of cold nectar.

We swung around the numberless curves of track, Tamalpais lifting his giant shoulders above us, and as we came out upon higher outlooks, the bay spread itself silverly below.

Up and up and up, with ceanothus and manzanita clothing the exposed slopes, and the scent of everlasting flowers, fragrant as sweet memories, sweeping across the face at frequent intervals. The outer world was

mostly veiled in mauve mist, with the mountain tips showing blue and tourmaline above it, and where it lifted we saw a line of surf, miles away, shimmering in the sun—a curving shoreline edged with white ocean foam—not the blue bay we had crossed in the early morning.

The summit was attained a little before noon. The immediate views and those looking backward to the east and north were crystal clear, but westward the mauve mist still clung to the horizon. Whenever it lifted, the sea below was a colorless glitter in the sun—a quivering radiance that seemed alive, like radium. As far as it could be traced down the edge of the land, it was the sea, mightily potent and individual, never to be mistaken for the placid bay we could look down upon in all its blue limpidness.

When the pushing engine had come to a heaving, throbbing rest, I climbed alone over a trail of broken rock to the topmost point of Tamalpais. On the north side, before reaching the peak, I looked off upon what seemed like an ocean of mountain ranges

and the long curving shore line whitely distinct. When we reached the station called West Point, the angle of track lying farthest to the west, we were only four miles from the ocean, and could see the surf breaking into white foam on the reefs far out from shore. Looking back, the inn far above appeared like a Tower of Jewels, its every window brilliantly a-gleam in the afternoon light.

Our train of broad, low, heavy open cars, with no engine either to push us or to hold us back, slipped around perilous curves at a paralyzing rate of speed. At first I wondered at the absence of springs in the seats, but soon realized that if springs had been provided, each car would have had to be covered with a stout wire netting, else the passengers would have bounced out like corn from a popper. Personally, I found it pleasantly exhilarating, but most of the passengers seemed to pin their faith, with a sort of grim desperation, to the road's unbroken record for safety, determined not to judge it on circumstantial evidence.



Muir Woods from Tamalpais.

meeting the long sweep of ocean water at its western edge. Shafter's Redwood Forest lay somewhere off there, Drake's Bay was twenty-five miles distant—whether Sir Francis or some domestic drake, I do not know—and a bit of turquoise water in the foreground below was Lake Lagunitas in a setting of redwoods.

A few more paces around this turn, and I saw that the ocean of mountain ranges was only a neck of land, with the placid blue waters of the bay indenting its eastern margin. San Anselmo and San Rafael nestled in that picture-setting like idyllic cities of some fabled Happy Valley. The slopes which led from Tamalpais down to them looked like a spread of green brocade, the background of deep oak growth relieved with a pattern of lighter manzanita.

On a lovely point of misty blue reaching out into the water was San Quentin. There are compensations even for imprisonment, if the sweep of loveliness of such a view be not barred out. On the far side of the bay at this narrow place, white cylindrical objects which might have been stone monuments, placed by the Pharaohs, but which were more likely whitewashed oil tanks close to the edge of the water, were reflected even at this distance in its clear stillness as if in a pool in an Italian garden.

From the summit I looked back to the point from which we had come that morning, but the vast city of San Francisco, with its beautiful women and beauty-worshiping men, was cloaked and cowed like St. Francis himself on a stormy journey, its features altogether obscured. Where Berkeley lay, the white campanile on the university campus rose like Cleopatra's needle above the mist.

Here on the summit there was a plate sunk into the native rock, which bore this insignificant inscription:

"Beneath this plate are the names of those heroes of the air who have fallen in the pursuit of the science of aviation. Erected by the citizens of Mill Valley, May 30, 1915."

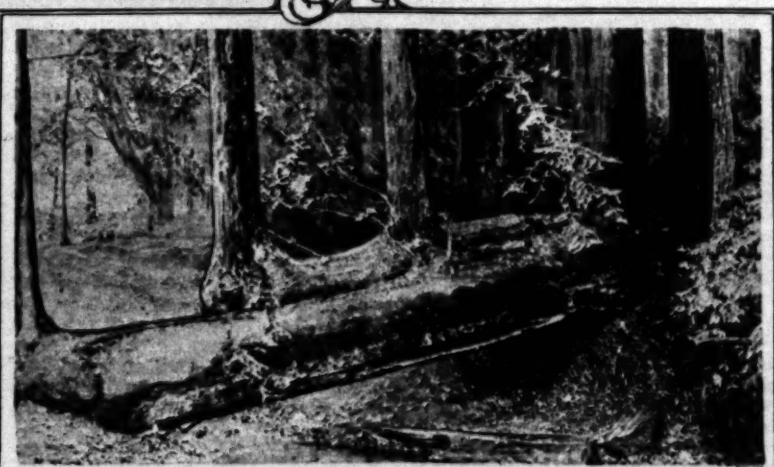
It was 2:30 when we started down the mountain in the gravity car for Muir Woods, eight and one-half miles distant. The sea was now golden and glowing in the sun, Kentfield, it adjoins.

The rain, which had come two days before and cleared again before brilliant sunshine, seemed to have left all its brooding quiet in this place of somber, silvery gray-green shadows. These redwoods are the *sempervirens* which grow only in our Coast Range, loving the fog and sea chill, and to one used only to the sunny uplands and the intimately lovely canyons of the South, their atmosphere is like a pensively silencing finger laid across the lips.

And yet how delicious the cold depth of that damp, sweet, mysteriously mournful forest was to me! The ground was as soft and springy as terra cotta velvet with the drift of fallen redwood leaves. Wood anemones covered the deep banks, interspersed with wild violet plants. The rose, or tanbark, oaks, canyon alders and bays, which made the lesser tree growth, were hung with long, gray moss. There were hazel bushes in yellow leaf, crowfoot, a broad-leaved plant related to the ginseng, and clouds of wild azalea bushes, airy light and golden, along the bank of Sequoia Creek, which we followed. Ferns were growing on every hand, some so pale and wan they looked as if going into a decline for want of warm light.

We passed the "Ben Johnson" cabin, which was used as a shooting lodge up to 1902. It is located on the original camping ground of the Tamal Indians, who held many a war council there. Today it houses only fire-fighting apparatus.

The trees of Muir Woods are not the largest redwoods on the Coast, but they number many splendid specimens. We noted one the height of which was 215 feet, and its estimated age 400 years. This variety of redwood propagates only by running out new roots from the main tree, the trees which spring up thus being called sucker trees. One ancient decayed root surrounded by a circle of vigorous suckers must have measured ninety-five feet in cir-



The Four Sisters, springing from one trunk.

The entire ride was most like a gigantic game of snap-the-whip, with the last car the anapler. Every few minutes someone would glance apprehensively back to see if it had broken loose yet and gone hurtling into the yawning canyon.

The cold air, as we went lower, again bore us the fragrance of everlasting flowers, deliciously aromatic, which grew along the way. Trees bare of leaves held out chilly arms, swung with blooming wild morning glories, to the sunshine. Deeper we went into the chill and the shadow, with gaunt redwoods multiplying all about us, and at the end of a nearly-breathless half-hour of swirling descent, we were in the shadowy and silent heart of great Muir Woods.

It is said that John Muir himself visited this particular splendid grove only about twice in his life, but that his name was given to it because he was president of the Sierra Club at the time the princely gift was bestowed upon the nature-lover of California—for it is only the nature-lovers who have come into true possession of it—by Congressman William Kent, whose estate, Kentfield, it adjoins.

At the base of a tree in its prime. In some cases we saw the parent tree surrounded by offspring to the third generation.

The Douglas pine, or Oregon fir, grew here also, and great clumps of polypods or sword ferns covered the ground. Some of these polypods were to be found from ten to twelve feet in height in canyons adjacent to this one.

We came to Cathedral Grove, where magnificent redwoods formed a perfect nave, with pillars and arches of inspiring height. In some of the trunks there were hollows as huge and dark and sinister as a witch's cavern. One hollow, in a tree 54 feet in circumference, 210 feet in height, and 1600 years old, was large enough to accommodate fifty people.

We came to Bohemian Grove, where the Bohemian Club of San Francisco for several years held its annual "Jinks." How anybody could associate Jinks of any sort with such natural majestic solemnity is beyond me. It would seem like cutting didos in St. Peter's at Rome. The Bohemian Club have apparently realized the essential unfitness themselves, for they have discontinued their

Compiled for the *Illustrated Weekly*.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

WHEN THE EARTH QUAKED FOR ENID.

A Special Providence. By Myra Nye.

ENID! "I can't help it, Keith; it is your pride that is keeping us from being married, and you know it." The waiter had placed Enid's oysters before her and while he turned to the omnibus, Keith Douglas replied in a low tone:

"Oh, Enid—not today, don't let's go over that again—our last day together."

"Dear, forgive me." The quick change which now transformed her face into tenderness was one of Enid's chief charms. Keith met her look with accustomed responsiveness and the waiter retired to a discreet distance.

"I know I have been altogether horrid; but, Keith, please believe when I say it is because I am so distressed at the thought of another long year of engagement. I loathe long engagements."

In spite of her stress upon the disagreeable verb, the loving look that accompanied her sentence made Keith inwardly implicate the barrier of a grillroom table, together with all the ill-advised people who had chosen that time and place to satisfy their hunger.

"It is this weather that makes me so uncomfortable to get along with," Enid went on with continued penitence. "It gets on my nerves—so hot and dry and electric. My lovely new furs are nothing but a travesty. As for oysters"—she piled them on her plate with a disdainful little push of her fork—"why, they are absurd."

"Poor innocent oysters!" Keith rejoined, "they have a right, January has an 'r,' you know."

"And then all of the extravagant mess you have ordered—broiled turkey, avocado salad, nesselrode pudding—does that look like the order of a young man who tells his sweet-heart he can't afford to be married?"

"But it is our last day before you go, Enid; everything must be right today. We can't let it be any other way."

"Yes, you dear old boy, and you know I love to eat with you anywhere. I am quite shameless in my expression of preference for you as a table companion. When we are through gourmandizing at your expense I am going to treat you to something you like. Now don't say a word—" As he began to remonstrate. "Turn about is fair play; and if you won't grant a poor lorn maiden in distress the favor of marrying her at her request and living upon her income which is indecently large even for two, instead of waiting to make an orange ranch pay, why then you will at least have to do as I say for the rest of this day before I leave you to your orange ranch and go to the frost-bound East."

For the same reason that he had given twice since they sat down in the grillroom of this fine Spring street hotel, he did not now argue the point. It was, however, with a rather distressed expression that he followed her after their luncheon to the entrance, where there awaited them at her order, a chauffeur with a handsome touring car.

"Where, Enid?" he asked when he had handed her in and was waiting to give orders to the chauffeur.

"Never mind, he knows: just get in and look pleasant. You are not the villain in this moving-picture show, you are the hero and I am your 'affianced bride.' Some day, I suppose, we will 'marry and live happy ever after;' but it's a long way off." She sighed with mock sentimentality, but at the same time thrust her hands into her muff with an emphatically protesting gesture as Keith tucked the robe about her.

"Yes, it is January in your California and we must be warmly wrapped even if it is ninety in the shade."

"But I like to wrap you. Besides you will feel the cold when we get out of Los Angeles and it is by no means ninety in the shade. I doubt if it is more than eighty."

"For heaven's sake, don't let's talk climate, as if we had just been introduced. Did you hear what that woman said at the table next to us?"

"No, I heard only what the woman at the same table with me said. That was the only thing worth listening to."

Enid smiled her pleasure but could not be turned from her thought; and she said solemnly: "She said this was earthquake weather!"

For reply Keith laughed so heartily that

the chauffeur in front wished that he had heard the joke, too.

"Isn't it, Keith—earthquake weather? Honestly, I am afraid." She was so thoroughly in earnest that now Keith responded in like tone.

"The last thing you need to be afraid of, Enid, is an earthquake. There is positively nothing in it. You know how long I have been here—well, as much as I would like to experience a shock, I never have—not the least tremor. When they do come off half of the people don't even know it till they read about it in the paper."

"Keith, please do not laugh at me now, will you?" Enid's hand crept from the shelter of her muff to the exposed position of his arm and there was easily captured.

"Of course, I won't." And he drew her as close as daylight and a crowded boulevard would permit.

"I know I am desperately silly, but always I have had an overwhelming fear of earthquakes. That and nothing else is the reason I do not want to live on the orange ranch."

"Oh, Enid, dear! If I can only make you know how groundless your fear is. There is absolutely nothing in it—nothing at all. You are this minute in a thousand times more danger from accident than you would be from earthquake if you lived in California all your life. Believe me, dearest, it is true. Why haven't you told me before?"

"Because I know how foolish my fear is and I am ashamed of it. Now I do believe you—that is, my reason does, but—I hardly know how to express it. I suppose everyone has a pet fear and this is mine. When I am in California I think of it often. In every

other way, in spite of my teasing you, I love this lovely country and, Keith dear, I would be most happy here with you if it were not for that. It isn't because your ranch is not in bearing, nor because you did not strike water when you dug your well, nor because you refuse my money to make your ranch pay—it is just this one foolish reason—Enid Cameron is afraid of earthquakes. That is why I was trying so hard

to get you to give up, come east now, be married and start in some business with my money."

"My, but I am relieved!" "Relieved?"

"Yes, because I know I can knock that reason into a cocked hat, but those other ones you were agitating before lunch were almost too much for me."

"But you can't begin to understand how I have fought that fear, Keith, and how, instead of lessening it has become a regular obsession with me. When I heard that woman say 'earthquake weather' I actually shuddered."

Again Keith restrained his laughter, for he saw how serious it was with this mercurial, impressionable girl whom he loved. He knew her to be in most regards fearless, and even adventuresome in danger.

Later, when they had crossed the wash of the San Gabriel, they turned south into the denser orange district of the valley.

"I know where we are going." Keith guessed tentatively.

"Well, isn't it the place you best like to go—to your own orange ranch?"

"Yes, I'll have to admit it. If earthquakes are an obsession with you, my orange trees are more than a hobby with me. But I have every faith in the orange business, Enid. I know it will pay me some time and pay me well. But while the trees are coming into bearing, it isn't in me to let my wife support me. If I had struck water as I hoped to do, it would be quite a different matter. If I had more than enough water for the ranch—enough to sell we—why, Enid, we could be married tomorrow and—but what's the use?"

He broke off abruptly, then added—half to himself—"If the ranch was only under the ditch or with the lines of one of the water companies."

"Under the ditch—what do you mean by that?"

"In a place where gravity brings the water down from one of the mountain streams. All the ranches under the ditch in this valley get water dirt cheap."

"Why don't you buy stock in some company?"

"I have some, but not enough." Keith immediately changed the subject; for he did not like to say that he had sunk so much money in the well that he was not warranted

in the purchase of more stock; nor could he admit that at present the stock was not available for him, as the company had not yet piped the district where his land lay.

When they reached Keith's ten acres they had walked from the automobile in the road down one orchard aisle and up another, when Keith himself was compelled to admit the unusual warmth.

"I wish it would rain," he said anxiously. "The trees need water even if it is winter; see how the leaves of this tree are beginning to curl."

"I do not think anyone but you would notice their need and we did not see anyone irrigating as we came along." Enid was speaking to reassure him. She stopped to pull off her old-gold sweater, whose light weight of silk even was too much. Keith had thought she made a most harmonious picture with his trees for a background and the gold of the pliable garment to match the fruit whose wealth gleamed thickly from the glossy leaves. But now in the intimacy of some lace and chiffon she was more bewitching than ever. The warmth from her body became caressingly his own as he carried the discarded sweater and anxious thoughts were completely dispelled.

"Keith, Keith, look at that beautiful sight!" She recalled him. "There down the road; don't make me point." High on a wagon seat with a background of young citrus trees "balled" ready for setting out were two beautiful youths radiant with happiness. Both were bareheaded, shirt and shirt-waist tucked in at the throats and the girl's yellow hair half loosened and curling about her face.

"They are lovers, I know. They look like an idyllic painting called 'Lovers.' And see, they have their own trees back of them in the wagon. They are going to be married, too."

"They are married," Keith laughed. "They are our nearest neighbors."

Enid could have hugged him for saying "our" instead of "my." She would have embraced his arm then and there had he not at that instant lifted his hat and called:

"Mrs. Haskell, Haskell, I say! I want you to meet my—my—" An American does not say fiancee when he is calling eagerly and Keith could not offend Enid by shouting "sweetheart," so he ended rather lamely, "I want you to know Miss Cameron."

Without so much as an instant's help from her husband's hand Elsie Haskell was over the big wheel and with a lithe bound she ran quickly to the two within the orchard boundaries. She stood before them flushed and smiling. Instantly Enid felt her heart going out to this California woman who, with her flying hair and short skirts, looked little more than a child.

"I have heard all about you before you came to California this time; and you don't know how much I have wanted to know you, ever since Keith was our neighbor—we both call him Keith, you don't mind? We want you to—to—" Elsie paused, realizing that she was "spilling over" as Jim would say, a little more than was necessary before this richly clad stranger. "We want you to marry him and come here to live," she ended with an engaging smile.

Enid, too, smiled with her answer. "I'll confess to you that I have similar desires."

"What do you think, Mrs. Haskell, is keeping her from her desires?" Keith interposed. By this time Jim Haskell had tied the horses to a eucalyptus tree and as he came up to the group he heard Keith answer his own question. "The fear of earthquakes." When he was introduced he said.

"Earthquakes are the last thing you need to fear, Miss Cameron."

The four turned and walked toward the clearing where was a little shack which accommodated Keith occasionally when he stayed overnight. There were two magnificent live oaks and a group of five well grown palm trees; in fact, this homesite suggested delightful possibilities, situated as it was in the midst of the beautiful grove with the rolling hills to the south and the majestic Sierra Madres to the north.

"Too bad you didn't get more water than that. I could have sworn there was water in this vicinity," Haskell was saying as they watched the thin, weak little stream pour itself languidly over the rim of a pipe which led from the engine-house.

"Why, I was sure of it; and that is all that

came of the expensive digging." Keith shrugged with disgust as he pointed to the water so inadequate in this unexpectedly dry winter.

"If you had lots of water we would be only too glad to buy to use in this new orchard we are setting out."

"Mrs. Haskell, I think you and your husband are mighty plucky to venture so far," Keith said, while Enid listened almost with envy to their intelligent and familiar conversation concerning water rights and orange culture.

"But you know how I love California, I have as much faith in this section as Jim has, and Jim can't get along without me." The little wife stepped through the growing melilotus cover crop to stand beside her husband, who looked down into her glowing face affectionately.

Now Enid was facing the three who had turned their backs to the pipe which showed the low capacity of the well. Suddenly the trees where no breeze had been moving were moving visibly, the tall eucalyptus bent and its bark snapped from it with pistol-like reports, then curled like great brown snakes, slid to the ground, and there straightened. Elsie hid her face against her husband. An alarming rumble sounded loudly in their ears. Keith strode toward Enid with arms outstretched and face pale for her. She stood unconcerned and before he reached her she heard Elsie's half-sobbing exclamation: "Earthquake!" "Why, that was the wind in the trees," Enid said quietly while Keith's arms came protectingly about her.

"Earthquake," Elsie insisted.

"What did you think that noise was, Miss Cameron?" Jim Haskell ventured to ask.

"I thought it was some wagon going over a bridge near here." Still Enid's tones were calm, unafraid.

"But there isn't any bridge near here. That was the noise of an earthquake." Jim spoke with authoritative knowledge.

"And you aren't half so afraid as I am, Miss Cameron." Elsie laughed. Enid looked up at Keith for assurance.

"It must have been an earthquake, dear."

"The worst one I ever felt." Jim added. "Usually you have to be in a house to feel them at all."

"But look! look!" At last Enid's voice was full of excitement as she pointed up in the air above the water pipe.

The three whirled about to see before them, some fifteen feet in the air, a fountain of crystal water where a moment before a thin stream had disheartened its owner.

"Whatever can that mean, Haskell?"

Keith's question was voluminous with hope.

"It means that earthquake has made you a present of some four or five or six miners inches of water if I don't miss my guess. That earthquake belongs to Miss Cameron. Anyway the stunt seems to be pulled off for her especial benefit."

Jim Haskell, the Californian, had not missed his guess; for not an hour had elapsed before Keith had brought an expert mining engineer to confirm Jim's guess.

"So I'll not telephone for berth engagements after all, for I am not going East tomorrow," Enid said as the four of them stood on the porch of the Haskell cottage after they had celebrated the advent of the earthquake in a country supper prepared by Elsie.

"When the earth quaked for Enid, it surely brought good luck right away," said Keith with a happy laugh.

"And when the earth quakes for Enid next time she won't be any more afraid than she was this time," added Enid.

Baled Hay for Forts.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] It has been found that baled hay, subjected to sufficient tension to compress about three times as much hay to a bale as in the ordinary bale of commerce, is impenetrable to shrapnel and other missiles, and forms an excellent protection on the firing line when properly placed along the trenches. Large export orders of it for this purpose are reported.

With baled hay as a munition of war, what can prevent the farmer, who is already a large beneficiary of the European unpleasantries, from grabbing off profits that will put him in a class with the record-breaking "war brides" of the stock exchanges?

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.
Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

Had Their Tickets.

MARY ELLEN, the colored maid, had been carefully instructed by her new mistress in a number of things concerning which she appeared to be profoundly unenlightened. Particular stress had been laid upon the proper manner of receiving visitors and of informing the mistress of their presence in the house.

Perhaps altogether too much had been said about it, or perhaps Mary Ellen had stage fright at the crucial moment, for when the first callers came, after Mary Ellen's advent in to the family, she "ushered" them only as far as just inside the hall door. Taking the cards they gave her, and leaving the visitors standing there, she went to the foot of the staircase and shouted:

"Mis' Gallatin! Oh, Mis' Gallatin! Der's two ladies down here dat's come to see you and dey's fatch dere tickets."—[Baltimore American.]

Important Engagement.

KING GEORGE was once enjoying the hospitality of a prominent peer at his country seat near the scene of one of Cromwell's historic battles. Strolling out one day by himself, the King met the village blacksmith, returning from a shoeing expedition.

"I say, my good fellow," said His Majesty, genially, "I understand there was a big battle fought somewhere about here."

"Well-er," stammered the blacksmith, recognizing and saluting the King, "I did ave a round or two with Bill, the potman, but I didn't know Your Majesty had heard of it."—[Tit-Bits.]

Felt Reasonably Safe.

A YOUNG man dropped into a state of coma and it was several days before he fully recovered. Later he spoke of his experience with a party of friends.

"Oh, yes," the young man said, in response to a question, "I knew all the time what was going on, and I also knew that I wasn't dead, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"I see," thoughtfully said one of his friends, "but how did that make you think you were still alive?"

"Well," answered the young man, "I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry and that if I were anywhere else my feet wouldn't be cold."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Alimony.

MISS CURLEY kept a private school, and one morning was interviewing a new pupil.

"What does your father do to earn a living?" the teacher asked the little girl.

"Please, ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My mamma supports me."

"Well, then," asked the teacher, "how does your mother earn a living?"

"Why," replied the little girl in an artless manner, "she gets paid for staying away from father."—[San Francisco Argonaut.]

Practical Poetry.

"WHAT is your favorite poem?" asked the literary young woman.

"The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," answered the commonplace young man. "I used to recite it every time father and mother had company."

"And did you recite it with effect?"

"Father thought the effect was pretty good. He said he honestly believed it kept us from having so much company."—[Washington Star.]

Part of the Treatment.

PATIENT (to pretty nurse:) Will you be my wife when I recover?

Pretty Nurse: Certainly.

Patient: Then you will love me?

Pretty Nurse: Oh, no; that's merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a married man who has lost both of his legs.—[Maritime Medical News.]

His Full Rights.

LITTLE SYDNEY had reached the mature age of 3 and was about to discard petticoats for the more manly raiment of knickerbockers. The mother had determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The breakfast table was laden with good things when the newly-breeched infant was led into the room.

"Ah!" exclaimed the proud mother, "now you are a little man!"

Sydney was in ecstasy. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged close to his mother and whispered: "Can I call pa Bill now?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Making Tommy Attractive.

THEL, the 12-year-old daughter of a family that resides in an uptown apartment-house, recently said to her mother:

"Mother, I wish you'd wash Tommy's face."

Now, Tommy was the son of the man whose apartment adjoined theirs. So mother was both alarmed and astonished.

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "Why, he's a neighbor's child! I have nothing to do with him."

"But I have," exclaimed Ethel. "We've become engaged, and I want to kiss him."—[Youth's Companion.]

Abner Was Landed.

C HARLES F. MURPHY, the Tammany leader, remarked a few days ago that when the fair girl casts her net the poor fish might as well yield, and told this story as an illustration.

Recently a man returned to his home town after an absence of many years, and rambled down to the corner grocery to get wise.

"I suppose," remarked the oldest inhabitant in handing him information, "that you remember Sim Simpkins?"

"Oh, yes, I knew Sim very well," answered the former resident. "I also knew his daughter Mary. Went to school with her. They say that after waiting nearly fifteen years she married a struggling young man."

"Ain't no doubt about that strugglin' part of it," was the grinning rejoinder of the oldest inhabitant. "Seth done his derndest to git away, but Mary landed him all right."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

High Self-esteem.

WELL, if that Watson isn't the most conceited, self-satisfied, self—

"Yes, I've heard you say something of that kind before. What started you off this time?"

"He just sent a telegram of congratulations to his mother."

"We?"

"Today's his birthday."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

Something of a Skeptic.

A N ESTEEMED citizen was rambling along when he met a friend wearing a rather doubtful cast of countenance.

"Say, Jim," remarked the friend, "I want to ask you about Dr. Syrup. Do you really think his medicines are helpful?"

"No," was the prompt rejoinder of Jim, "not unless you closely follow his invariable directions."

"His invariable directions?" returned the other, wonderingly. "What are they?"

"You will find them on every bottle," smiled the merry James. "Keep the bottle tightly corked."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Anything Possible These Days.

"I MPOSSIBLE!"

"But I saw it."

"Impossible—ridiculous!"

"I tell you it did."

"And I say it didn't—because it couldn't."

"I was there and witnessed it."

"Do you mean to tell me that he was killed by a bolt from a clear sky? Do you expect me to believe such a yarn?" he shouted.

"That's just what I am telling you. A workman on a twenty-story building dropped the bolt."—[Kansas City Journal.]

Keeping It Dark.

A LL THE passengers in the railway carriages with one exception wore some form of war badge. A stranger only was un-decorated. A fussy badge-wearer remarked:

"I see, sir, that you are the only one not engaged in some form of war work."

"I prefer to be quite unostentatious about what I do."

"What is your war work?" continued the inquisitive one.

"Sir, I am a spy; but I do not care to make my occupation too public."—[Manchester Guardian.]

The Money in Stock.

The Money in Stock.

A CHICAGO packer said once that the public seemed to think the beef packers make money as easily as did the country boy who witnessed the killing of a calf by a motorcar.

"No use talking," he drawled to a passer-by, "thar certainly is money in cattle."

"In the stock-raising business, do you mean?" asked the stranger.

"No, not exactly. A motorcar ran over that calf a few minutes ago and the driver got out an' handed me \$5."

"Five dollars? That's not much for a good-sized calf."

"Yes, but, mister, the calf wasn't mine."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Between Drinks.

H ENRY FOSTER of Clay County had been arrested for allowing his horse and wagon to block the public thoroughfare for the better part of five hours.

"Did you leave your team for five hours, Mr. Foster?" asked the judge.

"Might have been that long, judge," was the reply.

"Where were you?"

"In a saloon on Decatur street, yer honor, takin' a drink."

"Do you mean to tell me that it took you five hours to consume one drink?"

"Well, sur, no, not ex-actly; I wuz interrupted three er fo' times."—[Case and Comment.]

Disappointed.

A ND old Scotswoman, who, at considerable personal inconvenience had gone a good way to visit a friend who was ill, learned, on her arrival, that the alarming symptoms had subsided.

"An' hoo are ye the day, Mrs. Crawford?" she inquired, in breathless anxiety.

"Oh, I'm nearly well noo, thank ye Mrs. Graham."

"Nearly well!" exclaimed the breathless visitor. "After me comin' sae far to see ye, too!"—[Baltimore Sun.]

Color, Anyhow.

T HE grocer had just put a new boy to work and among the other instructions was this:

"If you do not happen to have what a customer asks for suggest something else as nearly like it as possible."

Soon a woman came into the store and addressed the boy: "Have you any fresh green stuff today?"

"No, ma'am," answered the boy, "but we have some nice bluing."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

A New Start.

D R. MAX STARKLOFF says a friend who has a reputation for a very "touching" way, met him recently and said:

"Look here, doctor. I'm terribly mortified about not having paid back that dollar I borrowed from you last June, but honestly old man—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Starkloff. "Don't speak of it."

"Oh, but I must speak of it," said the fellow. "I can't treat a friend that way, you know, and I—I want to pay you and I will, doctor—sure thing. If you will lend me \$2 I'll pay that dollar right this minute and we can start the New Year fresh."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Would Complete Set.

A LADY told me, as a true story of a soldier's wit, that a soldier in a hospital on recovering consciousness said: "Nurse, what is this on my head?"

"Vinegar cloths," she replied. "You have had fever."

After a pause:

"And what is this on my chest?"

"A mustard plaster. You have had pneumonia."

"And what is this at my feet?"

"Salt bags. You have had frost bite."

A soldier from the next bed looked up and said:

"Hang a pepper box to his nose, nurse, then he will be a cruet."—[Chicago News.]



SUNDAY MORNING
YUMA

Faithfulness
DEFENDS
HIS K

*Denies Nicholas
Sold Out.*

*Montenegrin Consul
York Insists the Mon
is Loyal to People*

*Austrians Reiterate The
Disarming Hardy M
ain Warriors.*

*Living Ruler Reaches B
En Route to Tempor
Capital at Lyons.*

BY A. P. MURRAY WISE
NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—C
Vladimir Petrovich, M
grin Consul in New York
statement today defending
monarch from what he termed
"old lies" and said the monarch had "sold his
country to the enemy."

"The Montenegrins have b
for all of 500 years," he
said. "They never had more
in rocky and poor; there
is agriculture and no industry.
People always have lived the

"At the beginning of the p
our population was about
with an area of 25,000 square
added 10,000 more, so
now from 25 to 35. Out of
have lost a third."

Capt. Petrovich declared the

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and with old rifles.

and guns taken from the

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